The High Cost of Doing Business with Japan

Saturday Review

March 19, 1977

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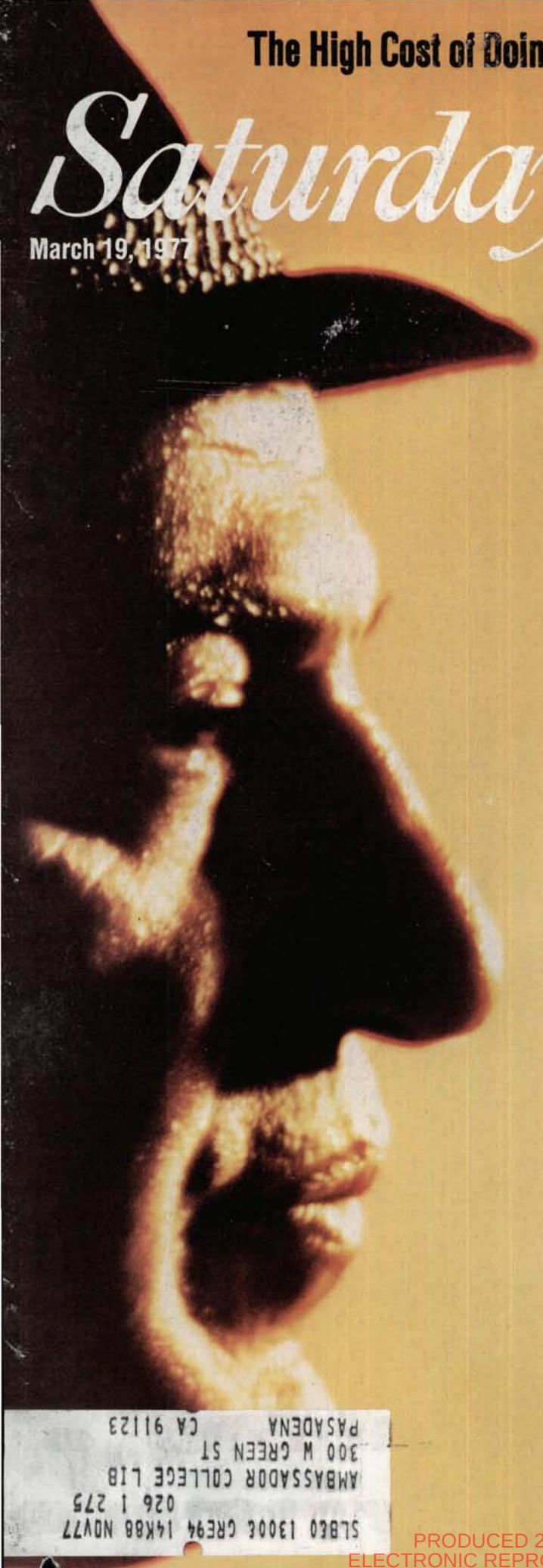

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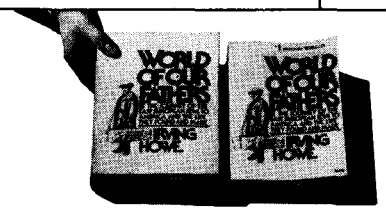

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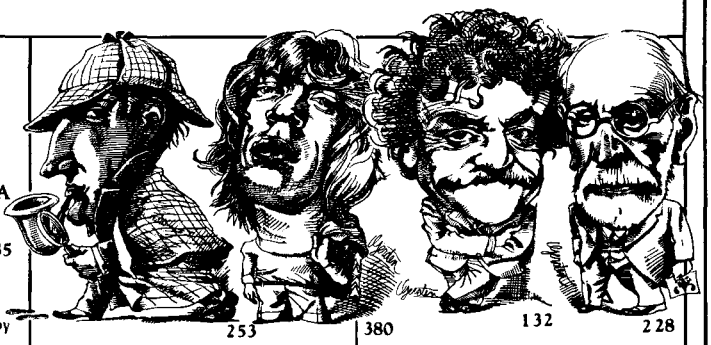

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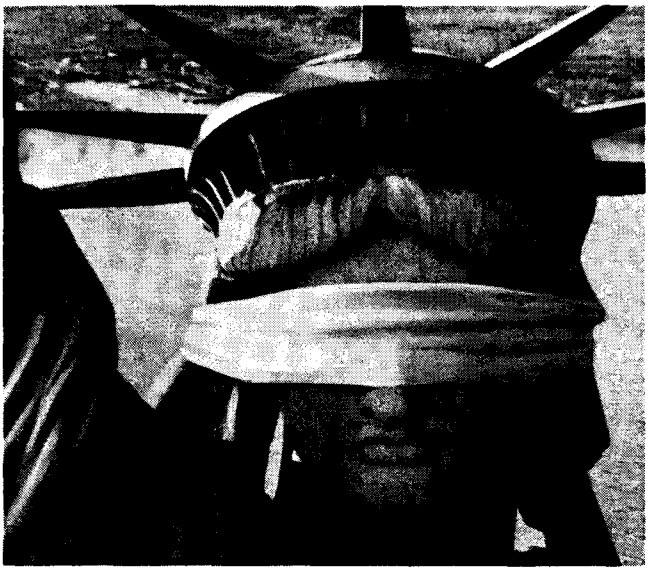
We need to have faith in the system, but not blind faith.



No one has to sell American business on competitive enterprise.

We know how good the system is.

But when it comes to communicating its merits to a skeptical public, the business community isn't getting through.

It's not that we don't have a story to tell. Our system affords greater opportunity for the realization of human potential than any other yet devised.

But in our eagerness to point with pride, we often convey the false impression that there's nothing at all wrong with the way the system works.

We know better, of course. So does the public.

Since society cannot function very long without public confidence in business, we think it's time to shelve the one-sided arguments that turn people off.

When we run ads to explain competitive enterprise, let's be candid. Let's demonstrate that our concern with meeting broad social needs is just as real as the public's.

When we appeal for understanding, let's do so not in the language of the boardroom but in terms of better jobs and productive, useful lives.

The point is simply this. Survival of our system requires that profitability and public accountability go hand in hand.

Because what happens to business happens eventually to all of society.

So faith in the system is fine, but it needn't be blind faith.

(Why not use this message to open someone else's eyes?)

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The Michigan Episode

"There is a need for an unambiguous policy that sets rigorous standards to protect the American people against toxins."

For weeks after the American Legion convention in Philadelphia last year, national attention was riveted on the mysterious disease that disabled people who stayed at one of the city's hotels.

Very little has been said, however, about a far more dangerous illness involving many more thousands of people than were affected by the strange "Legionnaire's disease." A substantial number of Michigan citizens have been suffering in varying degrees from a form of chemical poisoning.

The episode began more than three years ago, when a large quantity of PBBs (polybrominated biphenyls, a nearly indestructible toxic chemical compound) became accidentally mixed with animal feed.

The first noticeable effect of the PBB disaster in Michigan was a sharp drop in milk production. Cattle became infertile. Livestock dropped dead in the fields. A young dairy farmer, Frederic Halbert, who has a master's degree in chemical engineering, was mystified by the illness of his cattle. He was able to connect the trouble to a poisonous chemical in the animal feed. But by then, that same contaminated feed had been given to livestock all over the state. It was only a matter of time before the poison began to lodge in human tissue. Before long, people were reporting ailments to their physicians.

The initial reaction of Michigan authorities was to declare that accounts of the epidemic were greatly exaggerated. For more than two years after the danger became apparent, state authorities declined to permit an independent investigation. Contaminated meat, chicken, milk, and eggs continued to be sold to Michigan citizens. Finally, in 1976, Dr. Irving Selikoff, of New York's Mount Sinai Medical Center, was permitted to carry out the investigation he had offered to undertake two years earlier.

Dr. Selikoff examined 1,029 people, most of them from farm families in the Grand Rapids area. He discovered that one-third of the people had symptoms of PBB poisoning. These symptoms included muscular weakness, nausea, acute indigestion, swollen joints, skin lesions, memory failure, debility. One of Dr. Selikoff's findings was that many men and women in their thirties who have been exposed to the PBBs act like old people.

What is especially troubling to Dr. Selikoff is the effect on babies who have been breast-fed by mothers exposed to PBBs. He is mindful of special research on baby monkeys undertaken by Dr. James Allen, of the University of Wisconsin. Dr. Allen has reported that baby monkeys exposed to PBBs or PCBs (polychlorinated biphenyls) suffer from long-lasting abnormalities, including mental retardation.

For the population in general, no single remedy has yet been discovered that can counteract the long-lasting symptoms, many of which are painful or disabling. Medical researchers, however, hope that before long a way can be devised to flush the poison out of the human system.

Meanwhile, there are disturbing signs that officials may still be trying to sweep the Michigan story under the rug. Most of the 30,000 cattle and 1.5 million chickens slaughtered so far have not been killed as the result of official order but, rather, on the initiative of the farmers themselves, who didn't want to be responsible for selling contaminated meat. Not all farmers, however, feel an obligation to take a financial beating; they see no reason to impose greater restraints on themselves than are required by law.

Two big lessons are pointed up by the Michigan tragedy. One is the overwhelming frailty of human beings when exposed to potent chemicals that, whether through irresponsibility or accident or waste disposal, impose severe strains on the chain of life. "We have made a Faustian bargain with an environment that has become increasingly dependent on chemical compounds," Dr. Selikoff told the editors of *SR*. "The human organism was not designed to live in a habitat burdened by hydrocarbons." Nor is the human constitution equipped to tolerate assaults on human tissues from fallout of radioactive strontium-90, or from penicillin in cow's milk, or from chemical dyes and preservatives in food. Only last month, Ohio citizens learned that the local river system was contaminated by 70 tons of carbon tetrachloride, a toxic cleaning fluid.

It may be argued that the damage caused by any one of these intrusions is relatively small. Even if this were true, the combined and cumulative effect of all these substances represents a genuine danger. Moreover, some individuals are more susceptible than others to certain toxins. Are we to ignore the rights of these people because they comprise only a small percentage of the total population?

The second lesson to be learned from the Michigan experience is that government itself is not equipped to deal adequately with the wide range of threats to health resulting from new chemical compounds that abound in an industrial society. Even chemical manufacturers have complained about the failure of government agencies to recognize and act on clear and specific dangers.

Recently on this page, we spoke of the need for a "human energy" policy, and not just a national energy policy. There is an equal need for an unambiguous policy cutting across state lines that sets rigorous standards to protect the American people against toxins. Dr. Selikoff's reference to a Faustian bargain may be all too true; but the form and substance of a sensible and effective program are well within the reach of the American people. —N.C

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Letters from Readers

Answers to the Atom

I write to commend you on the articles on nuclear energy in the special issue of *SR* ["Nuclear Energy: Paradise Deferred," January 22], which present the subject objectively and in some depth.

Like many of the advanced technologies of the twentieth century, nuclear power carries risks. Unfortunately for a sound overall consideration of the subject, its opponents, many of them dominated by the specter of the Hiroshima cloud, have dramatized the risks while ignoring the outstanding safety record of nuclear power during the past 25 years.

Unfortunately, it too often appears that the U.S. government seeks to impede rather than facilitate the progress of the industry. The extended and costly delays in site and construction approvals for nuclear plants are examples that appear to reflect an undue response to what must be regarded as the minority opposition. . . . Congress is ignoring the fact that the national interest demands the precluding of politics, consumerism, and such palliatives in its consideration of the energy problem. In this as in many other matters, we cannot afford to mortgage the future in order to satisfy immediate objectives.

I believe that if factual realism is driven home on the public consciousness, the people will perceive their own best interests and come to the correct conclusions.

Henry Turner
Roxbury, Conn.

Wadsworth Likely ["A Nuclear Primer," January 22] dismisses public concern over plutonium proliferation as a mere "fuss." While he whimsically tells us that Pu [plutonium] smells bad, he says nothing of its other identifying characteristics. Why are we not told that plutonium, in microscopic amounts, causes cancer? That its deadly effects linger for nearly a quarter of a million years?

None of the articles recognized the basic human right of those affected by this technology to make their own decisions—based on open, complete information.

Ruth Mueller
Syracuse, N.Y.

Tom Stevenson ["Gloom on the Monongahela," January 22] mentions Westinghouse's blunder in contracting to supply cheap uranium to 27 of its reactor customers before the recent dramatic price increases in this commodity. Unfortunately, neither his article nor any of the others discuss the primary reason for the soaring prices: uranium reserves are insufficient to help fulfill world energy needs.

The estimated U.S. reserves of uranium, not all of it technologically or economically recoverable, come to a mere 640,000 tons (the Energy Research and Development Administration's latest figure). This is not even enough to fuel all of the nuclear plants now operating and under construction. The rest of the resource base of uranium represents only crude estimates of undiscovered material.

The scarcity of uranium renders nuclear-generated electricity not merely a potential catastrophic threat to man's safety but, very simply, a poor economic buy as well.

Prof. Joel Selbin
Baton Rouge, La.

Thomas C. Schelling ["The Promise and the Curse," January 22] writes that "the symbolic act of suppressing nuclear power in America will not make [the dangers] go away" but that "the bargaining strength of the American government in coping with nuclear proliferation abroad depends on our position as a major supplier."

Better than merely "suppressing nuclear power in America" is the positive prospect of shifting massive taxpayer support from nuclear power to the very rapid development of renewable, predominantly solar-related, large-scale energy resources better suited to our needs and to those of the less developed world. Some people consider it irresponsible to talk of developing, within the next decade, important contributions to large-scale energy needs from the wind and ocean heat, and yet they take it for granted that these sources will be developed after the year 2000. Time could be compressed by billion-dollar injections into selected and promising developments.

Here and abroad, nuclear power is a sick industry in need of government funds to create the illusion of profitability on electric-utility balance sheets. The question of continuing this subsidy lies in a balance between the promotion nurtured by industrial momentum and the opposition of citizens concerned with the nuclear dangers.

If our government should decide, on the basis of both the dubious nuclear economics and the dangers stressed by the opponents, to shift its massive energy expenditures from nuclear backup to accelerated development of preponderantly solar-related alternatives, it should not take more than a decade to provide energy alternatives that could compete with other countries' exports of nuclear goods.

Prof. David Rittenhouse Inglis
Amherst, Mass.

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Special Report

Reappraising the Open Classroom

by Fred M. Hechinger

An English report that is likely to dominate educational debate in the United States as much as it will in Britain in the years ahead has dampened the current highly publicized enthusiasm for "open" (also known as "informal" or "progressive") classrooms. In summary, the study shows the following:

- Formal teaching methods tend to achieve superior results, not only in basic skills but even in creative areas.
- Formal teaching is more successful with children who have a high level of anxiety or neurosis, while informal classrooms seem to aggravate their problems.
- Formal teaching achieves academic goals without harm to children's emotional and social development.

These findings add up to a pedagogic bombshell. The rival advocates of traditional education and progressive education have long been feuding bitterly, each claiming that the other is the cause of most educational and social disasters. The traditionalists blame everything from illiteracy to moral decline on the progressives; the latter hold the traditionalists responsible not only for children's reluctance to learn but also for all manner of trauma and psychological damage, and even accuse them of fostering a drift toward authoritarian politics.

Over the years, the pendulum has swung back and forth, in classrooms and in public debate. After the heyday of progressivism, in the 1930s, conservative counterattacks reached their maximum force in 1957, in Sputnik's red glare, amid charges that progressive education in America had allowed the Soviets to achieve their lead in space. (Actually, many of the Russian scientists engaged in space research in the 1940s and 1950s learned their basic skills in the 1920s and early 1930s—the Soviet Union's progressive-education era.)

At any rate, academic rigor and the three R's came back with a vengeance in the conservative Fifties, only to be challenged again, in the radical Sixties, as being oppressive, joyless, and autocratic. But while American educational progressivism had in the past been based largely on the homegrown models of such pioneers as Horace Mann and John Dewey, the latest version was imported from England. Britain's open classrooms became the foundation for the American reform movement of the 1960s. American educators returned from their pilgrimages to British schools with glowing reports about teaching that "really worked."

Now the British themselves have raised serious and responsible questions about that assumption. What gives special significance to the report—*Teaching Styles and Pupil Progress,* by Neville Bennett (Open Books, London)—is that the entire research crew responsible for the study set out ideologically on the side of progressive theory. The team, associated with the University of Lancaster, took as its sample the third and fourth grades of 871 primary schools in the counties of Lancashire and Cumbria. The region includes industrial cities and rural areas, state schools and church schools, old schools and new.

What should be made of the report? Conservative educators, who are riding high on the resultant wave of civic and political reaction, are undoubtedly ready to use the findings as a justification for banishing all vestiges of progressive education. The consequence would be another extreme swing of the pendulum toward the kind of reactionary pedagogy that has in the past, because of its own grim deficiencies, inevitably prepared the way for equally uncompromising progressive countermeasures.

But what the Lancaster report shows—and this is most readily overlooked in simplistic and partisan discussions—is that there is more to this educational controversy than an "either/or" choice between opposites. Instead of identifying just two diametrically different teaching styles, the observers noted a variety of at least 12 distinct styles, and a mix of many more.

It was precisely when the open classroom functioned in its extreme form, without any firm structure to shape the children's learning, that the results were most unsatisfactory. Stating it another way: While some educationists view formal grammar and creativity as being incompatible, the study found the very opposite to be true—formal teachers and those who mixed formal and informal styles achieved success in both grammar and creativity.

Common sense suggests that there are grave psychological disadvantages in the polar extremes of drill-master traditionalism and super-permissive progressivism. And this is confirmed by the study's finding that the most successful teachers use a "mix" of formal and informal styles—a comforting thought for those who want schools to be pleasant places and educationally effective at the same time.

This hopeful view of education is borne out by one statistically odd but significant observation: one lone progressive teacher

Continued on page 58

"It has been some years, of course, since I ceased to identify with the players at the game, but lately I find that I'm having difficulty identifying with the crowd."

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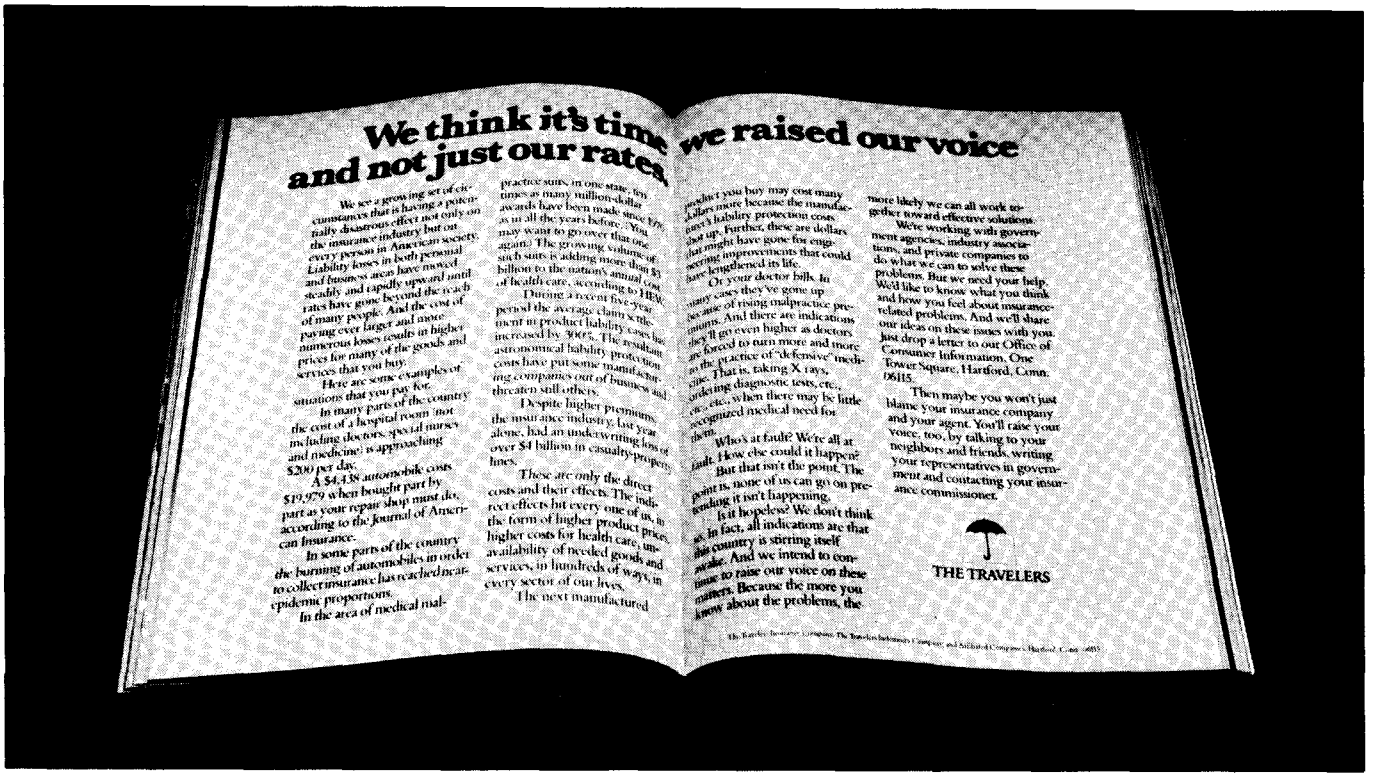
We think it's time we raised our voice
and not just our rates.
We see a growing set of circumstances that is having a potentially disastrous effect not only on the insurance industry but on every person in American society.
Liability losses in both personal and business areas have moved steadily and rapidly upward until rates have gone beyond the reach of many people. And the cost of paying ever bigger and more numerous losses results in higher prices for many of the goods and services that you buy.
Here are some examples of situations that you pay for.
In many parts of the country the cost of a hospital room (not including doctors, special nurses and medicine) is approaching $200 per day.
A $4,438 automobile costs $10,979 when bought part by part as your repair shop must do, according to the Journal of American Insurance.
In some parts of the country the burning of automobiles in order to collect insurance has reached near-epidemic proportions.
In the area of medical malpractice suits, in one state, ten times as many million-dollar awards have been made since 1975 as in all the years before. (You may want to go over that one again.) The growing volume of such suits is adding more than $15 billion to the nation's annual cost of health care, according to HIAA.
During a recent five-year period the average claim settlement in product liability cases has increased by 300%. The resultant astronomical liability protection costs have put some manufacturing companies out of business and threaten still others.
Despite higher premiums, the insurance industry, last year alone, had an underwriting loss of over $4 billion in casualty-property lines.
These are only the direct costs and their effects. The indirect effects hit every one of us, in the form of higher product prices, higher costs for health care, unavailability of needed goods and services, in hundreds of ways in every sector of our lives.
The next manufactured product you buy may cost many dollars more because the manufacturer's liability protection costs went up. Further, these are dollars that might have gone for engineering improvements that could have lengthened its life.
Or your doctor bills. In many cases they've gone up because of rising malpractice premiums. And there are indications they'll go even higher as doctors are forced to turn more and more to the practice of "defensive" medicine. That is, taking X rays, ordering diagnostic tests, etc., etc., etc., when there may be little or no recognized medical need for them.
Who's at fault? We're all at fault. How else could it happen?
But that isn't the point. The point is, none of us can go on pretending it isn't happening.
Is it hopeless? We don't think so. In fact, all indications are that this country is starting itself to wake. And we intend to continue to raise our voice on these matters. Because the more you know about the problems, the more likely we can all work together toward effective solutions.
We're working with government agencies, industry associations, and private companies to do what we can to solve these problems. But we need your help. We'd like to know what you think and how you feel about insurance-related problems. And we'll share our ideas on these issues with you. Just drop a letter to our Office of Consumer Information, One Tower Square, Hartford, Conn. 06115.
Then maybe you won't just blame your insurance company and your agent. You'll raise your voice, too, by talking to your neighbors and friends, writing your representatives in government and contacting your insurance commissioner.
THE TRAVELERS

This ad put to rest the theory that people don't want to get involved.

Six months ago, we decided to take our case to the people. We felt the more we all know about what it is that's driving insurance costs up, the better equipped we'd be in turning things around.

What we said apparently hit home.

To date, several hundred people have taken the time to write to us and share their concern about things like price inflation, auto repair costs, and the growing number of medical malpractice suits and product liability claims.

If you'd like to get involved yourself, we can provide you with a booklet that examines, in language all of us can understand, the causes of rising insurance costs, as well as some of the possible remedies available to us.

For a free copy, while they last, just write our Office of Consumer Information, One Tower Square, Hartford, Conn. 06115. Or dial, toll-free, 800-243-0191. In Connecticut, call collect, 277-6565.

Then, maybe instead of just blaming your insurance company, or your agent, you'll join us in working toward some realistic solutions.

Because, as an insurance company, we don't like the high cost of insurance any more than you do.

But we're not going to be able to change things without your help.

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The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, and Affiliated Companies, Hartford, Conn. 06115.

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any 11

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263145* The Brothers Johnson — Look Out For #1
267948* George Jones & Tammy Wynette — GOLDEN RING
252445* THE LETTERMEN — All Time Greatest Hits
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265983* Charlie Daniels Band — Saddle Tramp
222406* MAC DAVIS — BABY DON'T GET HOOKED ON ME
268163* Blue Oyster Cult — AGENTS OF FORTUNE
264481* TOM T. HALL — FASTER HORSES
255059 Bachman-Turner Overdrive — FOUR WHEEL DRIVE
260695* ERIC CARMEN — ALL BY MYSELF
265596* JOE STAMPLEY — Sheik Of Chicago
936985 CARPENTERS — The Singles 1969-1973
269407* Electric Light Orch. — A New World Record
259589 ART GARFUNKEL — BREAKAWAY
266114* CONWAY TWITTY / LORETTA LYNN — FEELIN'
268599* BAY CITY ROLLERS — Dedication
264424* The Greatest Hits Of JOHNNY RODRIGUEZ
248724† LIBERACE'S — GREATEST HITS
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266686† INSIDE STAR TREK — FEATURING GENE RODDENBERRY
253690† JIM NABORS — A VERY SPECIAL LOVE SONG
269705† DAVE DUDLEY — PRESENTS DAVE DUDLEY
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269803† JEAN SHEPARD'S — GREATEST HITS
268763† GEORGE JONES — ALONE AGAIN
269944† MARY KAY PLACE — TONIGHT: AT THE CAPRI LOUNGE

268185*Earth, Wind & Fire — SPIRIT
265918 CARPENTERS — A KIND OF HUSH
267021* MICKEY GILLEY'S — GREATEST HITS
252536* HELEN REDDY — I AM WOMAN
263509* MOE BANDY / HANK WILLIAMS — YOU WROTE MY LIFE
268110* Ozark Mountain Daredevils — Men From Earth
257402 GLEN CAMPBELL — RHINESTONE COWBOY
264440 KISS — DESTROYER
239625 BARBRA STREISAND — THE WAY WE WERE
263731* DONNY & MARIE — FEATURING SONGS FROM THEIR TELEVISION SHOW
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268557* RAY CONNIFF — THEME FROM S.W.A.T. AND OTHER TV THEMES
211566 NEIL DIAMOND — GOLD
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261933* JANIS IAN — AFTERTONES
264515* FREDDIE HART & THE HEARTBEATS — PEOPLE PUT TO MUSIC
255083 Z Z TOP — FANDANGO
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260737 HELEN REDDY'S GREATEST HITS
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263541* JESSI COLTER JESSI
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267328* THE BEST OF MEL TILLIS
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269852 FERRANTE & TEICHER FEELINGS
261859 BACHMAN TURNER Overdrive HEAD ON
254169* TAMMY WYNETTE'S Greatest Hits Vol. III
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265231 GLEN CAMPBELL BLOODLINE
256578 TONY ORLANDO & DAWN GREATEST HITS
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264044* THIN LIZZY JAILBREAK
267310* MERLE HAGGARD MY LOVE AFFAIR WITH TRAINS
260257* SHIRLEY BASSEY Good, Bad But Beautiful
208868 Johnny Cash Portrait Greatest Hits II
265496* Electric Light Orch. OLE-ELO
267518* CRYSTAL GAYLE "CRYSTAL"
256560 CAT STEVENS GREATEST HITS
269936* JOAN BAEZ GULF WINDS
266049* STEVE MILLER BAND FLY LIKE AN EAGLE
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Here's an exciting new selection of brand-new hits and old favorites from every field of music...over 190 in all to choose from! To receive the 11 records or tapes *you* want now, just mail the application together with check or money order for $1.86 (that's $1.00 for your first 11 selections, plus 86¢ for shipping and handling).

Every four weeks (13 times a year) you'll receive the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for each musical interest...plus hundreds of alternates from every field of music. In addition, up to six times a year you may receive offers of Special Selections, usually at a discount off regular prices.

If you wish to receive the Selection of the Month or the Special Selection, you need do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, simply fill in the response card always provided and mail it by the date specified.

You will always have at least 10 days in which to make your decision. If you ever receive any Selection without having had at least 10 days in which to decide, you may return it at our expense, for full credit.

Your own charge account will be opened...the selections *you order will be mailed and billed at regular Club prices*, which currently are: 8-track tapes and cassettes, $6.98 or $7.98; reel tapes, $7.98; records, $5.98 or $6.98—plus shipping and handling. (Multiple unit sets and Double Selections may be somewhat higher.)

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I am enclosing check or money order for $1.86 (that's $1.00 for my 11 selections, plus 86¢ for shipping and handling). Please accept my application under the terms outlined in this advertisement. I agree to buy 8 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the next 3 years — and may cancel membership any time after doing so.

SEND MY SELECTIONS IN THIS TYPE OF RECORDING (be sure to check one):

☐ **8-Track Cartridges** ☐ **Reel Tapes** **6HS/WB**
☐ **Tape Cassettes** ☐ **Records**

Write in numbers of 11 selections		

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one):
(But I am always free to choose from any category)

☐ **Easy Listening 2** ☐ **Teen Hits 7** ☐ **Classical 1**
☐ **Country 5** (no reel tapes) ☐ **Jazz 4** (no reel tapes)

☐ **Mr.**
☐ **Mrs.**
☐ **Miss** .....
(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address ..... Apt. No. .....

City .....

State ..... Zip Code .....

Do You Have A Telephone? (Check one) ☐ **YES** ..... ☐ **NO**

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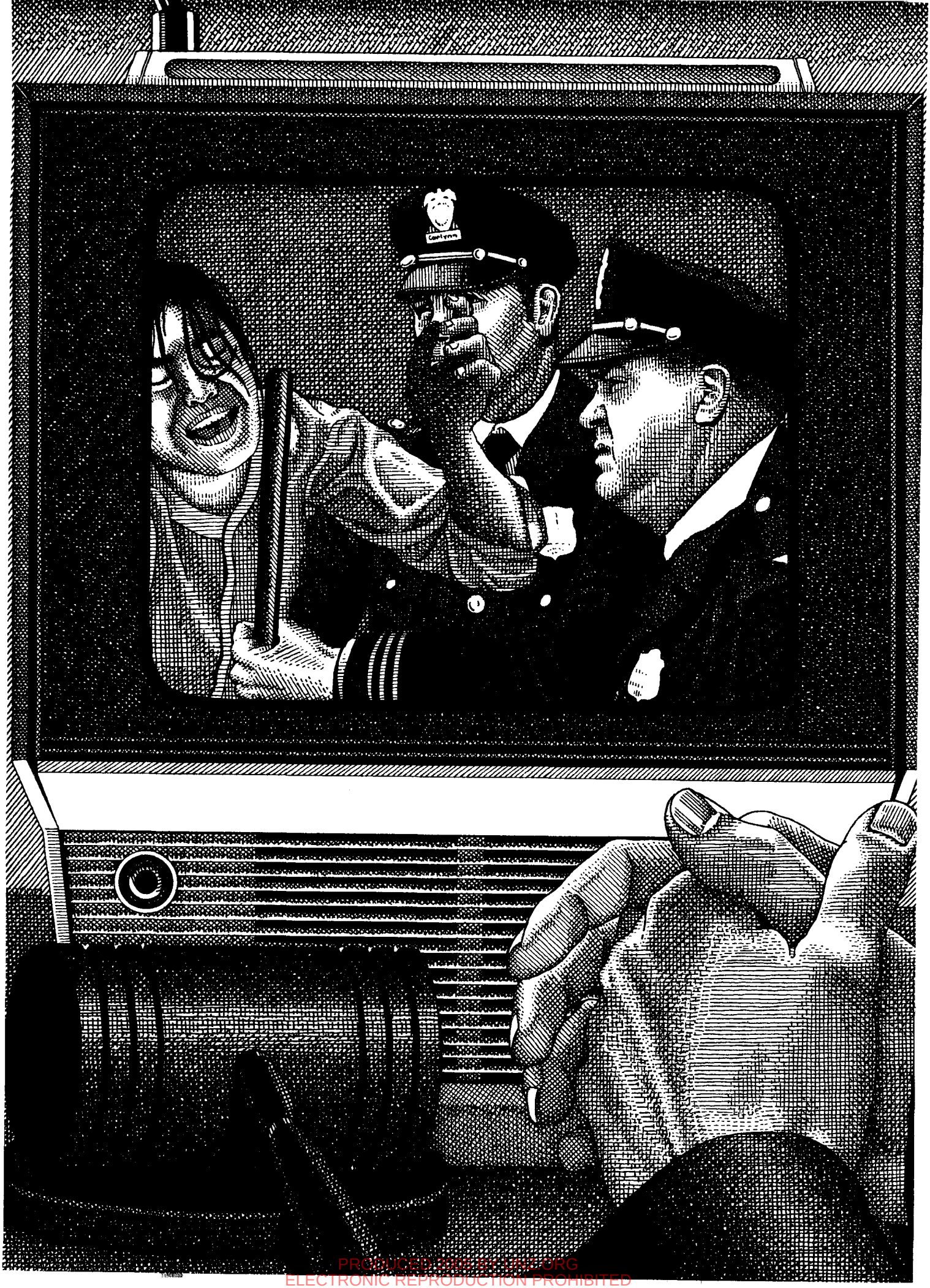

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How TV Cops Flout the Law

Influenced by the Supreme Court's drift to the right, network police shows today sanction violence—when it is committed by "the good guys"

by Stephen Arons and Ethan Katsh

IN TV crime shows, the real star is the action: high-speed, twisting car chases; rooftop shoot-outs; and scenes in which supercops crash through locked doors and slap suspects around before finally making the collar.

The trouble with this passion for "action" is that it has a way of doing violence to the very law and order the police are sworn to uphold. Here, for instance, is TV detective Bert d'Angelo:

D'ANGELO: "What do I know about the law? I'm not a lawyer, I'm a cop."
INSPECTOR KELLER: "It's your job to enforce it."
D'ANGELO: "It's my job to protect people from the mugger, the rapist, the armed robber, and the killer. People like Joey, like my partner Mickey, did the law help them? Did the law stop that killer? All the laws in the world won't stop one man with a gun. It's going to take me or somebody like me. And you know what? I'll do it any way I can."
INSPECTOR KELLER: "You're a dangerous man, Bert."
D'ANGELO: "That's right. You'd better be damn glad I'm on your side."

Today, *Bert d'Angelo* is off the air. It would be encouraging if we could report that the series was scratched because the average TV buff was fed up with having his 26 hours of weekly viewing time dominated by attitudes like D'Angelo's. But one look at the hard-nosed, antilaw crime series that are still running convinces us that public revulsion against lawlessness had nothing to do with the show's demise. Take, as a case in point, this scene from *Kojak*:

The police laboratory reports that particles of tin and lead with traces of red paint were found on the soles of a murdered person's shoes. Kojak theorizes that the murdered person had stepped on a red tin soldier in a collection owned by a doctor of whom Kojak is suspicious, but the detective has insufficient evidence to arrest or search. The following discussion then takes place in Kojak's office:
CAPTAIN MCNEIL: "Theo, could you get your hands on one of those broken soldiers to send it to the lab?"
KOJAK: [*To another detective.*] "C'mon, Crocker, I'll do the talking and you swipe the soldier."

No doubt scenes like this can be viewed as nothing more than good, slambang entertainment. But there is more here than meets the casual eye. The image of police on television has been changing, and the change has political significance.

During the Vietnam War years, the police earned themselves a bad image. Newscasts regularly showed helmeted riot police clubbing student protesters or gassing antiwar demonstrators. The effect was one of public disapproval. Today even the most blatantly illegal and unconstitutional behavior of police officers is glorified by an endless stream of television police dramas. The result, we believe, is that what started off as merely fictional entertainment has now begun to have the political effect of "softening up" public opinion and making it more accepting of such police conduct.

ALL of this very much includes our courts. Over the past few years, for example, the Supreme Court—with its conservative Nixon appointees—has been moving steadily to the right on police and civil liberties issues. The Court has been legalizing outrageous police conduct, enacting into law principles much like those projected in the TV crime shows. Those principles include the notions that the end justifies the means, that the state is always right, and that violence is perfectly acceptable when resorted to by the right people.

We are not suggesting here a one-to-one causal relationship between TV crime shows and Supreme Court decisions. And yet, one wonders. In a recent Supreme Court brief by the state of Iowa, in which the state attempted to undercut a defendant's access to his attorney during police questioning, the following statement appeared: "What is really wrong with tricking a man into telling the truth? That is one of the goals of a good Perry Mason-type cross-examination." In any case, we would say that these crime shows and the recent decisions of the Supreme Court are both modifying and responding to a body of public opinion that is increasingly permissive about the flouting of our laws by law enforcers themselves.

These dark conclusions of ours are not based on guesswork. They arise from our decision, several years ago, to monitor TV police shows and analyze them from the point of view of constitutional law. We undertook this study be-

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Stephen Arons and Ethan Katsh are both attorneys and professors of legal studies at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst.

Illustration: Ron Chironna

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Telly Savalas: "The public believes 'Kojak' "

Recently Telly Savalas, TV's Kojak, talked to West Coast writer Barbara Wilkins about Kojak*'s depiction of police practices, and about how real-life detectives react to the show.*

"THE show is popular with law enforcement officers because they identify with the approach Kojak takes to the job," Savalas says. "Kojak takes a *neighborhood* approach to his job. There are major rules and then there are neighborhood rules. He's not quick with the gun, and he's not violent. He has a dedication and a loneliness.

"Kojak operates on instinct and decency. It's the same drunk he turns in at night who is back the next morning to borrow a buck. If he kicks a kid who has knocked down an old lady while stealing her purse—and then kicked her while she's down—it's because Kojak doesn't understand that dimension of violence. I'm not talking about police brutality. It's a cautionary kick. A kick is better for the kid than being shut up in a juvenile hall somewhere."

Savalas himself absorbed lots of those kicks when he was growing up in the New York City suburb of Garden City. The tall, tough-looking actor eventually went on to get a B.A. in psychology at Columbia University and finally ended up as TV's top cop. But he's never forgotten how he was booted in the rear by the cops in his old neighborhood.

"The law enforcement officer in my neighborhood would kick me if I was doing something wrong—things a little worse than naughty," he recalls. "I got the point."

Savalas sees *Kojak* as an accurate reflection of the real police world and credits the show's technical advisers for that.

"Our basic purpose, after all, is to entertain," he explains, "but the attitudes and the accent of these shows are accurate. Everything is on the nose except for the cases. They're fiction. The public believes *Kojak* is the way the police actually operate, and they're right."

Are a suspect's constitutional rights violated along the way?

"You can't ask an actor to talk about constitutional law. *Kojak* represents the rule and the public wants rules. *Kojak* is good public relations for law enforcement."

cause we'd read an article in *The Wall Street Journal* that extolled TV police thrillers as morality plays that "encourage belief in moral values, in law, in government institutions." This encomium didn't seem to square at all with what we'd been seeing on the tube, so we decided to check the matter for ourselves. It should be stressed that both of us hoped to find that the conclusions in the *Journal* article were sound, and that our own suspicions were groundless: we were out to explore the question rather than to prove a point.

During a one-and-a-half-year period, from the fall of 1974 to the spring of 1976, we videotaped the various TV police shows, viewing and reviewing them as if they were hypothetical court cases. We were looking for the image of law projected by the shows occupying so much of prime time, looking to see whether the behavior legitimized by television drama is the same as that required by the Constitution that the man on the beat is sworn to uphold and protect. We were thinking seriously about these essentially foolish shows because their incessantly repeated episodes are the average person's main contact with police work, and his or her primary exposure to the conflict between individual privacy and police logic. If television had indeed joined the courts, schools, and political institutions as a teacher of values, we wanted to know what was being taught.

THE following typical scenes are gleaned from a statistically random sample of television police dramas screened during the course of the study. In reading these passages, one might keep in mind these words from the Bill of Rights:

"The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated. . . ."

—U.S. Constitution, Amendment IV

Bumper Morgan, the "Blue Knight," is on the trail of jewelry store thieves and has been told that one of the persons he is looking for is in Room 330 of the Riverside Hotel. As the next scene opens, Morgan is at the hotel desk looking through the guest register:

CLERK: "I assume you have a warrant for that, Morgan."
MORGAN: "Yes, size 13EEE. . . . Give me the key."
CLERK: "I'm going to testify that it was an illegal entry."
MORGAN: "You do that."
POLICE LT.: [*Later, at the police station.*] "Well, I've got to hand it to you, Bumper. That was damn good work."

Sergeant Friday [*Jack Webb in a "Dragnet" rerun*] *has just taken a suspect's photograph from her roommate, Sara, and is continuing his search for information about the absent girl:*

FRIDAY: "Do you have any samples of her handwriting?"
SARA: "Yes, the book by the phone. That's her address book."
FRIDAY: "We'll have to take this along with us, too. It'll be returned."
SARA: "But what do I tell Mary if she notices her picture and address book are gone?"
FRIDAY: "What time do you expect her today?"
SARA: "Right after work, about five."
FRIDAY: "All right. These'll be back by four P.M. Now, we'd appreciate it if you wouldn't say anything about it until we've completed our investigation."

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SARA: "Oh, don't worry. I don't want to make things any worse than they are. I just know Mary isn't guilty. She's too nice."
FRIDAY: "Well, if she's that nice, she *isn't* guilty, and if she's guilty, she's not that nice."

These scenes are typical of the nonchalance with which some constitutional rights are obliterated on TV. We found the same fate in store for the right to counsel and the right against self-incrimination. In 15 randomly selected prime-time police programs televised during one week in March 1976, we found 43 separate scenes in which serious questions could be raised about the propriety of the police action. They stacked up as follows:

Clear Constitutional Violations	Omissions of Constitutional Rights	Police Brutality and Harassment
21	7	15

Our detailed breakdown of questionable police work in those 15 prime-time cop programs shows:

	Clear Constitutional Violations	Omissions of Constitutional Rights	Police Brutality and Harassment
S.W.A.T.	—	—	—
Bert d'Angelo	2	1	1
Police Story	—	—	1
Starsky and Hutch	—	—	1
Police Woman	2	3	2
Hawaii Five-O	1	1	—
Columbo	2	—	—
Streets of San Francisco	2	—	2
McMillan and Wife	1	—	—
Bronk	1	—	2
Jigsaw John	4	—	2
The Blue Knight	3	1	—
Kojak	1	1	3
Baretta	1	—	1
Joe Forrester	1	—	—

The 21 "clear constitutional violations" occurred during scenes in which people were interrogated without being informed of their rights; in which evidence was taken without a warrant; or in which another form of illegal search was conducted. In the "omissions" scenes, we were unable to judge from the context whether a person's rights were being violated or whether he had waived his rights. (For example, there were scenes in which a person was being interrogated in a police station without a lawyer being present. The arrest, however, had never been shown. Therefore, what appeared to be an invasion of the suspect's rights might have resulted from a decision by the suspect to answer questions in spite of his right to remain silent.) The "police brutality and harassment" category consisted of a variety of improper, but perhaps not unconstitutional, police actions. Police officers trying to get information from various people on the street frequently obtained it by force. For example, Bumper Morgan, the Blue Knight, is by no means as chivalrous as some of his legendary namesakes:

Action from Police Woman—*"Doing violence to the very law and order the police are sworn to uphold."*

MORGAN: [*Standing across the street from a shoeshine stand.*] "Hey, Tully, come here a minute."
TULLY: "You got something to say, come over here, my man." [*Morgan crosses the street, throws Tully against the wall, and grabs him by his shirt lapels.*]
TULLY: "Hey, man, wait a minute, what's going on here?"
MORGAN: "Let me fill you out on a couple of things, my man. First of all, I ain't your man and secondly, when you see this badge, you'll call me officer and you'll do it nice and polite. You got that?"
TULLY: [*Shaken again by Morgan.*] "Sure, sure."

Continued on next page

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Starsky and Hutch—*"The facts would horrify the average judge if they were brought into court as real cases."*

MORGAN: "Now where's the stuff?"
TULLY: "What are you talking about? What stuff?"
MORGAN: [*Shakes Tully again.*] "The stones from Harry's."
TULLY: "I ain't been to Harry's, man."
MORGAN: [*Shakes Tully again.*] "Listen. You know what you are doing now? You are insulting my intelligence."
TULLY: "I haven't done anything. Who said I did something?"
MORGAN: "I said it was you. You calling me a liar? That's called contempt of cop. Now you're really making me mad." [*Morgan angrily shakes him again.*]
TULLY: "All right . . . all right . . . all right. Hey, it was this chick. She's a hooker. Her name is Linda. Now let me go and I'll find her for you."
MORGAN: "Linda, huh, yeah. I know her." [*Morgan's demeanor changes and, exuding friendliness, he straightens out Tully's shirt, pats him, and walks away.*]
TULLY: [*Angrily.*] "I'm making a complaint on this, too."
MORGAN: "What? I just asked you a question."

Such TV abuses of constitutional rights and basic political values are not new, but they do seem to have increased dramatically shortly after the election of Richard Nixon on a hard-line, law-and-order platform. Albert Tedesco, a researcher on the communications faculty of Drexel University in Philadelphia, found that the number of law enforcement characters on television increased from 80 in 1969 to 168 in 1971. At the same time, the number of characters who were lawyers or other legal professionals decreased from 25 to 18. More significant are Tedesco's findings on illegal searches and the absence of counsel for suspects. In an average week's viewing during the period from 1969 to 1971, the number of instances in which police failed to secure search warrants, when that would have been appropriate, rose from 21 to 62. During the same period, the number of times per week that police failed to advise suspects of their right to counsel upon arrest rose from 13 to 32. Tedesco is still analyzing much of his data, but he claims to see an emerging correlation between television content and the political values of the early Nixon reign.

BEYOND the statistics lie the qualitative impressions we gained from our immersion in the shows we covered in our own study. The overall image the shows project is clearly one that is alien to the Constitution. The facts would horrify the average judge if they were brought into court as real cases. Hardly a single viewing hour passes without an illegal search, or a confession obtained by coercion, or the failure to provide counsel. Warrants are not sought or issued, and hardly any mention is made of notifying suspects of their right against self-incrimination. Scores of citizens uninvolved in the crime under investigation are roughed up, shaken down, or harassed—by police. Homes, offices, and cars are broken into regularly—by police. With a sixth sense that only scriptwriters can generate, every such invasion of personal privacy turns up the real, and usually demented, criminal, or is justified because the victim was probably guilty of some crime anyway. Honest, law-abiding citizens are miraculously never hurt by these methods. There are no trials, no plea bargains, no defense, no argument about illegal police conduct affecting the guilty, the innocent, or the so-

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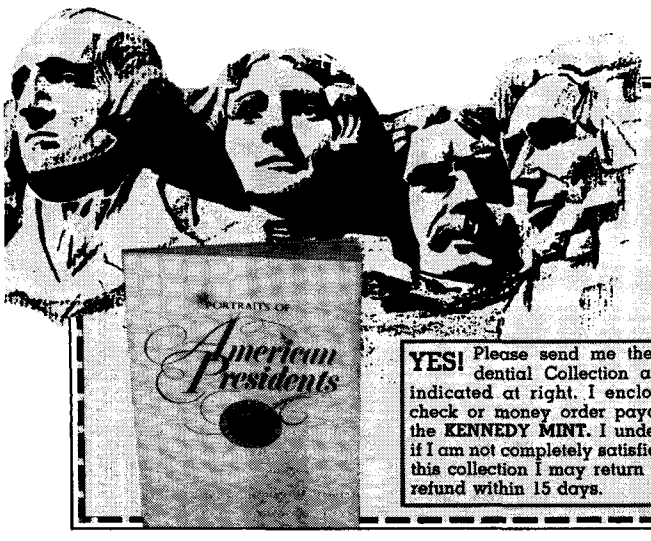

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ciety as a whole. Nothing in shows like *Charlie's Angels* or *Delvecchio*, which have recently been added to the crime show lineup, changes these conclusions.

There is an ironic inconsistency in this fast-action fairyland. The Television Broadcasters Code, a sanitized version of middle-American morality that is supposed to fend off congressional regulation of artistic expression on the tube, states that "the treatment of criminal activities should always convey their social and human effects." Crime is not supposed to pay, and on television, at least, we can be sure that it won't. But what about all the crimes committed by our video police in the process of catching their criminal counterparts? The television producers' answer is that people with badges shouldn't be treated the same way as everyone else. You can tell by the color of their hats or their horses that these people have only the noblest of aims; and they never miss. Besides, as Bert d'Angelo knew, law can't stop crime; and as TV producers know, handcuffing the police with the Bill of Rights would make for dull viewing.

One television screenwriter, discussing his own experience, sees the same images inside the TV industry as viewers see from the outside: "The message we're getting is that authority is never wrong. The desired image is of a paternalistic 'great society' in which all law enforcement agents are properly motivated and their opponents are hippies, crazies, and un-American weirdos. It is clearly not good to criticize the institutions of the country."

This authoritarian attitude—possibly the product of a fear that only repression can prevent the world order from crumbling—comes from all corners: from producers, studios, and network executives. Like the television signal itself, the message that the status quo must be protected at all costs seems simply to be "in the air." David Rintels, president of the Writers Guild of America West, says there are no written rules and rarely any clear commands from those who own and operate commercial television, but that the prevailing values are clear to everyone in the industry. The world's most effective salesman of laundry detergent and

View from the 44th Precinct

Captain Thomas Gallagher commands the 44th Precinct in a tough, high-crime area of the Bronx. In an interview with SR, *Captain Gallagher talked about real police work versus the TV version.*

THE police shows I've seen do violate people's constitutional rights. They show police officers circumventing established methods of getting information by brutalizing people or performing illegal searches and seizures of property. You wouldn't see that in real police work. And rarely will you see a TV cop applying before a magistrate for a warrant of arrest or a warrant to search, both of which are required by law. And how often do you see them warning suspects that they have the right not to speak? Rarely. Yet suspects have all the right in the world to remain silent.

Most of the violations in real police work come when an officer fails to advise a suspect of his rights—especially when the suspect is thought by the officer to be guilty. It happens. An officer who has, say, fifteen years of police experience might think that a person has committed a crime. He feels sure that this is his man. He has to make a decision. Should he stop the person? Should he let him go? If he stops him without good reason, just on a hunch, he has committed a constitutional violation. Even if the guy had a gun and was a known criminal, the case might be dropped in court because of the officer's conduct.

We also have clear-cut violations when a police officer takes money, for instance, or is a sadist. More typical, however, is the officer who, thinking he's acting within the scope of his duties, unwittingly violates someone's rights. It does happen.

Unlike TV policemen, we don't always come up with the bad guy. We have a lot of restrictions, many of them constitutional. Some TV viewers feel we're not as good as Kojak, that we're not doing the proper job because we don't get our man in an hour. So TV doesn't help us in that regard. Nor does it help us when so many illegal acts are performed by TV police. In actual police work, as far as I know from personal experience, there are very, very few such acts.

Now, *Barney Miller* is an exception. That's a realistic show. *Barney Miller* presents a more typical police operation. It's more human.

Kojak does what the average citizen wants done. Crimes have been committed and he's going to solve them. I don't think police get a bad play from that. Where we *do* get a bad play is from a *S.W.A.T.* show, where they're shooting off their pistols all the time. I've been in police work twenty years and the instances where I've had to pull a gun are very few indeed.

I command a precinct of three hundred fifty police officers and detectives. If any of them told me they would go to any length to get criminals, without regard for the law, their days in police work would probably be finished. They might be very well-meaning, very active street cops, but such people are not cut out for police work. I'd probably refer someone like that for psychological testing. I wouldn't let him work the street.

My precinct includes Yankee Stadium. Telly Savalas turned up there during police demonstrations last year. The cops put him on their shoulders. They were demonstrating for their rights. They know Telly as a friend. I've met him, he's a very sincere guy. They saw a friend in the crowd, someone to help their cause. They probably thought that if they carried Telly, a public figure, on their shoulders, people would listen to their grievances. They didn't carry him on their shoulders because they thought of him as the epitome of a police officer.

RECENTLY, I saw a movie, *The Enforcer*, with Clint Eastwood. Here are blatant violations of people's rights. This enforcer's attitude is "The hell with the law. I'm going to do what *I* want. It's me against the bad guys." That attitude is very odd in police work. A cop like that wouldn't last long.

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hemorrhoid ointment is selling political ideology, too. And on television, by Rintels's lights, "make-believe makes belief."

We have asked ourselves whether the repeated images in which illegal police conduct is ignored or pays off on television are softening up the public about individual freedom. As we have discovered in showing videotape clips from our study to university students, many people are unaware of the police violations they see on the screen until after considerable discussion. It may not be a very great leap from this dim awareness of constitutional rights to the failure to recognize or react to constitutional violations perpetrated by police in everyday life. If the examples of police conduct we see on TV fail to make us more aware of the clash between civil liberties and police logic, and if crime-show violations of the Constitution always turn out to be a good thing, then these TV morality plays may amount to nothing more than reactionary propaganda.

There is a clear contradiction between what common sense and the Constitution permit flesh-and-blood police to do and what scriptwriters let TV cops get away with. This contradiction seems destined to be resolved before too long. Most of the illegal TV police activities we discovered in our study are still, a year later, violations of the Constitution. But over the past few years the Supreme Court has been moving so steadily to the right on police and civil liberties issues that the gaps between the Court and the television may be all but erased by the next TV season.

"As Bert d'Angelo knew, law can't stop crime; and as TV producers know, handcuffing police with the Bill of Rights would make for dull viewing."

MANY of the personal freedoms that the police lobby views as "technicalities," and that the producers think would make such dull television viewing, seem lately to have escaped the consciousness of both the broadcasters and the judiciary. A single, uncontradictory image of acceptable police behavior is being fashioned by both institutions; and the Constitution and the public's welfare are having little effect on it. If we follow some of these recent decisions of the Supreme Court, we can imagine what the television cop shows of the future may be like—shows in which all the police behavior will be legal and neither the courts nor the citizenry will be offended. Herewith, several of these decisions, in each case followed by the sort of TV crime show that the decision might logically inspire:

Case One: In 1974, the Supreme Court ruled in *Gustafson* v. *Florida* that a police officer making even a minor custodial arrest was not violating a citizen's privacy by conducting a complete search of the citizen's person, even though the officer lacked either a warrant or probable cause to make the search.

TV Show One: A bank robbery has reportedly been committed by two men with long hair. After a frustrating search for other clues, the police decide simply to search everywhere for the money. Since searches without probable cause are generally unacceptable to the courts, but since almost everyone spends some time in his car daily and has a broken taillight or commits some minor traffic offense, over the next three days the police make traffic arrests of every long-haired male in town. Lots of contraband is turned up, personal grudges are acted out, and the town is generally "cleaned up," but no money is found. Under the pressure of prosecution for drug possession, however, one person reveals information leading to the bank robbers. The dragnet idea is commended as being generally useful.

Case Two: In 1976, the Supreme Court ruled in *Hampton* v. *U.S.* that police setting up a defendant are not guilty of entrapping him, nor have they conducted themselves so outrageously as to violate his due process rights, as long as the defendant "was predisposed to commit the crime." The police in this case supplied narcotics to the defendant and also bought the narcotics from him.

TV Show Two: Several police on the city force discover

Don't misunderstand me. There *are* some cops like this. You might find it in younger fellows. Before I took command of this precinct, I worked in internal affairs, and prior to that in personnel. I worked with over three thousand police employees. There were occasions when I'd discover officers who weren't prepared for police work. They'd take the law into their own hands; they were overly aggressive. But they'd get themselves into trouble after a while. Normally, the average person doesn't tolerate being roughed up, and in such cases, civilian complaints are made. A fellow out to violate people's rights will have to answer for his actions. If the complaints are justified, the officer will be removed from active duty.

Sometimes, of course, a policeman who is in a dangerous one-to-one situation may have to take possibly illegal action. I recall a scene from a recent public television program. There was a woman in the back seat of a car. She claimed somebody had pointed a gun at her, and in the next scene, she's kicking the car window out. You then see the police officer grabbing her, pulling her by the hair, telling her to stop. Technically, he's violating her rights; he's impeding her movement. But what if she'd kicked her foot out the window, severed an artery, and bled to death? Or perhaps she was trying to give something to someone on the outside of the car. This was a case where the officer had to take a step even though it was in violation of this woman's rights.

I realize there's right-wing pressure on the Supreme Court to crack down on offenders. The public seems to feel there's too much crime and that we have to wipe the criminals off the street, regardless of their constitutional rights. Television picks up on this. But I doubt the Supreme Court will go so far to the right as to adopt an "off with their heads" attitude.

Let me stress again how important it is for the public not to confuse the casual acceptance of constitutional violations that it sees on TV crime shows with the actuality of everyday police work. Much of our bad image stems from this mistaken notion. I'll say it again: In real life, a Clint Eastwood character would be drummed out of the police force. He wouldn't last two weeks. ◉

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Streets of San Francisco—*"An emerging correlation between TV content and values of the early Nixon reign."*

that searches of citizens (such as those in *Show One*) have yielded narcotics that do not have to be turned in as evidence if no charges are filed against the defendant. This leaves several officers with large stores of heroin, which they begin peddling on the sly (in plain clothes and disguises) to supplement their meager incomes. One street pusher with a grudge catches on to the scam and tries to contact federal agents to expose the city police. Before he can do this, the police get wind of it and set him up, selling him one pound of heroin as usual, but buying it from him in small packages a few hours later as undercover agents. The buyer is then arrested by the police and charged with selling narcotics. Claims that the police were running an illegal dope ring are met with statements that this was a ruse to catch pushers and that the defendant was a known pusher. The defendant is convicted and the police go on with their business.

Case Three: In 1976, the Supreme Court ruled in *Paul* v. *Davis* that the police did not violate a citizen's privacy or his due process rights when they publicly circulated a flyer with his name and picture under the title "Active Shoplifters." The citizen had never been convicted of shoplifting, but had been detained as a shoplifter by a store detective two years earlier. No charges had ever been placed against him. While the majority opinion condoned this police tactic, Justice Brennan dissented: "The Court today holds that police officials acting in their official capacities as law enforcers may on their own initiative, and without trial, constitutionally condemn innocent individuals as criminals and thereby brand them with one of the most stigmatizing and debilitating labels in our society."

TV Show Three: At this point, the Court's steady progress in strengthening the forces of law and order by legalizing crimes by police officers overtakes television police dramas. As television values and judicial values merge, the definitions of crime and freedom are reversed, and a brave new fiction emerges in the public mind: More freedom for police reduces crime. *Show Three* may appear on the networks, in the courts, or on the street.

One may wonder whether the Court shares with television the blindness to individual liberty that is the easy byproduct of a single-minded devotion to stopping crime. One may wonder, too, whether the public consciousness is pushed in unhealthy directions by either of these great norm-molding institutions, or whether in court and on television we simply get what we want, as the market researchers would say.

The line between television logic, police logic, and judicial logic is becoming all but indiscernible. The ideological tension between security and liberty seems to have diminished, very much to the disadvantage of liberty. For television, the challenge is how to give sane, constitutional values access to the TV crime scene. Meanwhile, sad to say, our study of television police dramas indicates that a very dubious type of police logic is in clear control of the airwaves. ◉

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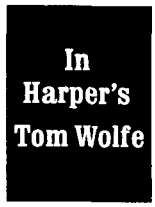
Joseph Epstein on the romance of sport: "On the court, down in the field, sport is fraud-free and fakeproof. A man either comes through or he doesn't. He is alone out there, naked but for his ability, which counts for everything. Something there is that is elemental about this, and something greatly satisfying."

Tom Wolfe on America's national one-upmanship: "With ever-increasing skill, the American intellectual would perform the difficult feat of the Adjectival Catch Up. The European intellectuals have a real wasteland? Well, we have a psychological wasteland. They have real fascism? Well, we have social fascism. They have real poverty? Well, we have relative poverty. They have real genocide? Well, we have cultural genocide."



Michael Novak in praise of the family: "Marriage, like every other serious use of one's freedom, is an enormous risk, and one's likelihood of failure is rather high. No tame project, marriage. The raising of children . . . brings each of us breathtaking vistas of our inadequacy."

Lewis Lapham (editor of Harper's) on JFK's love affairs: "That President Kennedy pursued women with a remorseless passion was a matter of common delight from the first days of his Administration. People spoke of his indiscretions with admiration and approval; their excited talk magnified his image as prince of the realm. It was as if Prince Hal had brought with him into the White House the bacchanalia of the Boar's Head Tavern."

Andrei Amalrik on the Soviet secret police: "For many years now I have been observing these people in the KGB and have come to the conclusion that their dominant characteristic is a kind of childishness, or more accurately, juvenility; they have the cruelty of teenage juveniles which comes from immaturity. . . ."

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The High Cost of Doing Business with Japan

U.S. policy makers face a classic dilemma: how to stem the flood of Japanese goods without provoking a major diplomatic imbroglio

"The threat of extinction faced by employees of the American consumer-electronics industry is every bit as real as the threat of extinction faced by the coyotes, the bald eagles, the seals, the alligators, and the rattlesnakes."

—JOHN J. NEVIN, chairman of the board and president of the Zenith Radio Corporation

by Donald Kirk

Washington

THE United States and Japan are quietly approaching what may be the most critical stage in their relations since the end of World War II. American and Japanese businessmen are engaged in a vitriolic trade battle, and the outcome could affect not only narrow economic interests but also diplomatic and military policies formed over a generation during which the United States has freely used Japan as a rear base area for combat operations in Korea and Indochina—in the face of violent leftist protest and popular misgivings by the Japanese.

The most dramatic manifestation of the crisis so far has been the accumulation, by the end of 1976, of a U.S. trade deficit with Japan of $5.4 billion—$1.3 billion above the previous high of $4.1 billion in 1972. Amid forecasts of an increase in the deficit to a staggering $10 billion by the end of the decade, frightened American businessmen are accusing the Japanese of almost everything from outright cheating to simply working too hard. Conceding their own ideological opposition to interference in "free enterprise," they are nevertheless begging the government for help—for the sake of survival. Thus the new Carter administration faces a classic dilemma: Should it "protect" beleaguered industries threatened with extinction at the hands of their Japanese competition, or can it somehow persuade Japan, Inc. (a term often used to describe Japan's postwar industrial colossus), to let up, in the long-range interests of overall harmony?

Exacerbating the issue, moreover, is Japan's own dilemma —an economic bind, born of the worldwide "energy crisis," that drives Japanese firms to increase exports in a desperate bid to compensate for sluggish conditions at home. It is an ironic commentary on the Japanese scene these days that the Lockheed scandal, in which executives of the aircraft company admitted to having bestowed millions of dollars on Japanese politicians and businessmen, had less than revolutionary impact. Such, at any rate, is the broad conclusion of scholars and diplomatic analysts after the December elections for the lower house (which in turn just barely voted in the brilliant old conservative Takeo Fukuda as prime minister). "Frankly, there's been no basic shift," observes Dr. Michael Blaker, director of a project on multilateral diplomacy at Columbia University that focuses on Japan and the United States. "On balance we find the conservative forces did better than four years ago." Nevertheless, the election results accentuated the Japanese craving for a thorough cleansing of the established "system" as a means toward ridding the country of its seemingly endemic inflation.

"The year of economic recovery" is the phrase that Fukuda—who has run a wide range of government ministries, including finance, agriculture and forestry, foreign affairs, and economic planning—uses to describe this year's priorities. Bland though the phrase might appear, it is of urgent import to a society in which living costs have risen by an average of 15 percent a year since the first drastic hike in oil prices during the 1973 Mideast war, and it also indicates the urgency of the trade problem with the United States.

The specter of American capitalists buying off national leaders might not seem overly appalling in Japan, a nation in which huge sums of money flow in mysterious ways from big business into politics. In a real sense, it is the United States that bribes Japan—by granting Japanese interests far easier entrée into the American economy than American traders could ever dream of getting from Japan in any areas other than agricultural products and raw materials.

The pivotal question in Japanese-American relations, then, is how American business and industry can get the Japanese to stop flooding American markets—without at the same time provoking a major crisis between two nations still bound by a mutual-security treaty that the Japanese have come to accept as the price they have to pay for American "friendship." The answer to this question rests on a series of cases—in which the American steel and television industries in particular claim varying degrees of hardship and wrongdoing—before the International Trade Commission, the U.S. Office of the Special Representative for Trade Negotiations, and the federal courts.

U.S. officials predict that the Japanese, rather than provoke a major headline-grabbing trade war, are likely at the last moment to perceive their own self-interest as lying in compromise and to exercise self-restraint in order to avoid a resurgence of the strong anti-Japanese feeling of the early 1970s—which was climaxed by the "Nixon shokku" of

Donald Kirk has been covering Asian affairs for the past 12 years.

Illustration: Lance Miyamoto

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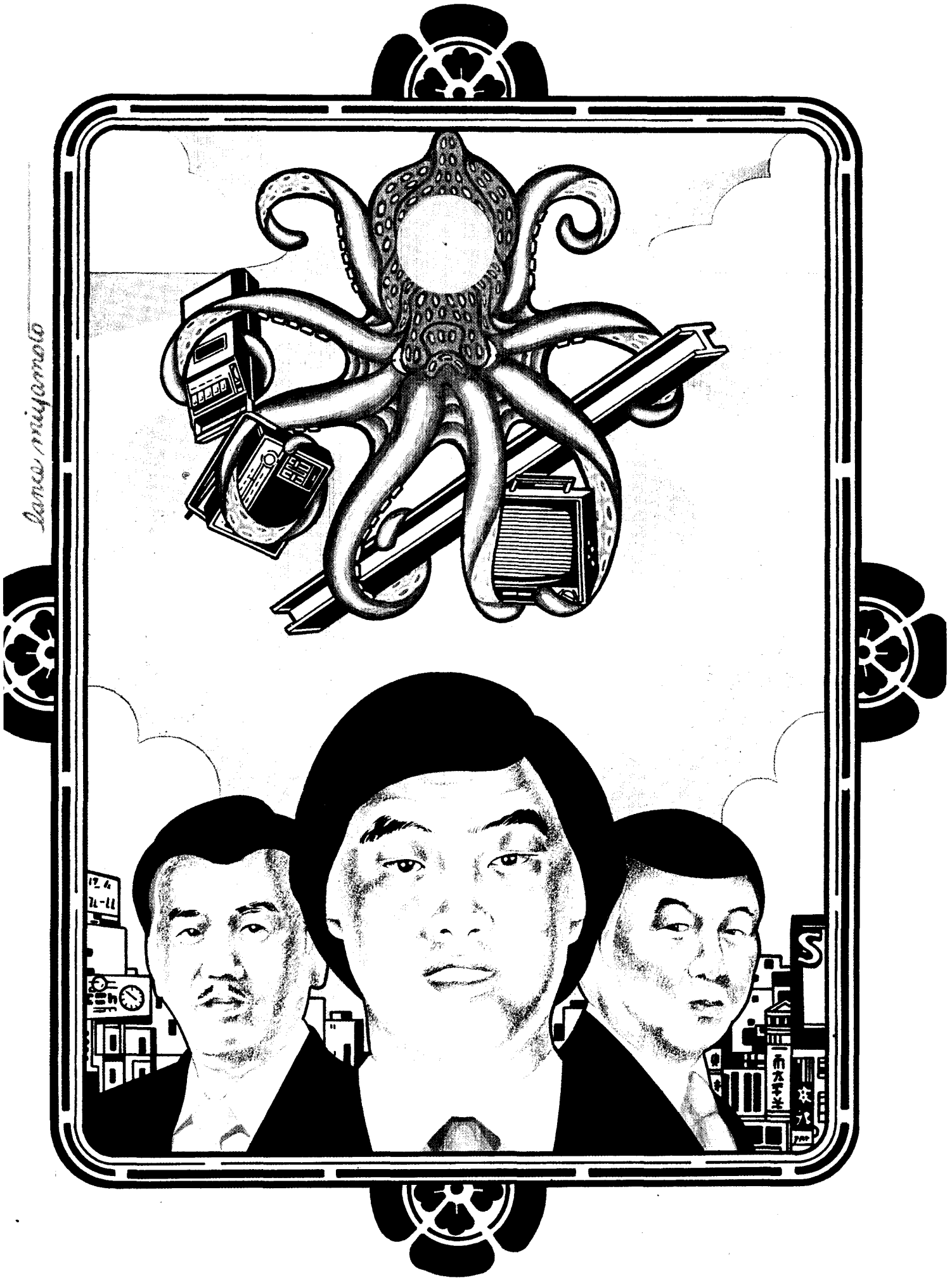

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September 1971, when President Nixon imposed a 10 percent surcharge on all textile imports. "The Japanese are very pragmatic," says Gaza Feketekuty, the young director of policy development for the U.S. Special Representative for Trade Negotiations, a Cabinet-level post reporting directly to the President in regard to decisions on quotas and tariffs. "Usually they are accommodating, provided that the United States is not publicly aggressive."

THAT is a comfortably philosophic overview, indicative of the conventional wisdom around the State Department and the White House, but a good many American businessmen do not feel quite so sanguine. "Where there's smoke, there's fire, and there's an awful lot of smoke," says

"The broad picture is one of dark, brooding shadows hanging over the brightly lighted plain of Japanese-American 'friendship.' "

Allen W. Dawson, executive vice-president of Corning Glass —a manufacturer of glass parts for American-made TV sets —and cochairman of an organization called COMPACT, an acronym for Committee to Preserve American Color Television. (The other cochairman is Jacob Clayman, secretary-treasurer of the industrial-union department of the AFL-CIO, who is understandably very anxious about the futures of the 65,000 workers still employed by the domestic television industry.) The Japanese, Dawson figures, have in the past year increased their share of the American color-television market from 15 percent to nearly 40 percent and appear likely to destroy the entire American industry unless the United States acts quickly on a case now under review by the International Trade Commission, a theoretically "impartial" agency set up to scrutinize violations of the Federal Trade Act. Dawson, in his capacity as cochairman of COMPACT, has organized a coterie of businessmen and labor leaders for the specific purpose of invoking the "escape clause" provision of the Trade Act, under which litigants can complain that imports are substantially damaging domestic industry. "What's killing us is the marked-down sets flooding the marketplace," says Dawson. "Then there's the much more fundamental question: How can an American company, subject to the laws of this nation, compete against what amounts to a socialist nation?"

Motivated by self-interest as that question may appear, it is nonetheless altogether valid. The Japanese way of commerce not only weds business and government in a concerted drive to sell overseas, but also keeps foreigners from exporting to Japan in any serious competition with Japanese domestic markets. So eager are the Japanese to export TV sets, for instance, that Americans visiting Japan are surprised to find a 19-inch set costs approximately 67 percent more there than in the United States. When General Telephone and Electronics's Sylvania division, a major American producer, complained independently before the International Trade Commission of "conspiracy" and "predatory pricing," the Japanese embassy in Washington shocked American executives by denying visas to GTE attorneys and accountants asking to go to Japan to gather information for their case. The Japanese claimed that such a mission would violate their national "sovereignty," but some observers could not help but regard the Japanese response as a clear instance of collusion between business and government, for the greater glory of Japan, Inc.

Nor is the International Trade Commission the only forum before which outraged American television manufacturers are carrying on their campaign. Zenith has launched what will probably turn into a prolonged antitrust action in the federal courts and has also charged in U.S. Customs court that Japan, Inc., subsidizes its own TV industry through tax rebates on exports. If the court rules that these rebates do in fact constitute subsidies against which the United States should impose tariffs, one result could be a series of complaints by other companies and industries. American manufacturers might welcome such a ruling, but officials in both the Office of the Special Representative for Trade Negotiations and the State Department are hardly overjoyed by the prospect of a major diplomatic imbroglio not only with Japan but also with a host of other countries, notably members of the European Economic Community, some of which are also accused of subsidizing their own industries. "The price of television sets sold in America would go up an average of fifteen percent," estimates an official at the Office of the Special Representative, assessing the impact of a protective tariff, "and there would be tremendous uncertainty among importers as to what prices to charge."

The dilemma of American color-television manufacturers is acute, in part because of the swift and deadly impact of Japanese competition on other phases of the industry. Although most Americans are blissfully unaware of it, virtually all the radios produced in the United States these days are made either for cars or for "specialized applications," primarily scientific and military. American industry no longer makes tape recorders, and it produces only 10 percent of all the black-and-white television sets sold here. "When you superimpose the color-television curve on previous curves," says Dawson, "it doesn't take much imagination to realize that in a very short time there won't be any color television [production] in the United States at all." While television manufacturers pleaded similar hardship before the demise of most of the black-and-white industry several years ago, they have never appeared quite so panicked as they do now. "In each of the previous cases there was always something to take the place of what the companies and workers were doing," Dawson explains. "When we lost radios, television was coming on. When we lost black-and-white TV, color was there. Now there's nothing else left."

FOR all the immediate, life-and-death drama of the color-television crisis, however, the American steel industry is currently pleading a parallel problem that may have much more serious long-range repercussions. "If the solution is not import quotas, then what *is* the solution?" asks an aggrieved official of the American Iron and Steel Institute, alarmed by an influx of 8 million tons of Japanese steel into the United States in 1976, as opposed to 6.2 million tons in 1975. "On the basis of the 1975 performance, they should have been up to only 6.3 million tons," the official points out, claiming that the Japanese have deliberately "diverted"

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Photographs: Allen Green/Visual Departures

The 8:07 from Chofu—"Collusion between business and government, for the greater glory of Japan, Inc."

much of the difference from the European Coal and Steel Community (ECSC) after having diplomatically agreed with the ECSC to limit steel exports to its nine member nations to 1.3 million tons per year for 1976 and 1977. The European nations and Japan "are engaged in discriminatory acts and policies which are unjustifiable and unreasonable and which burden or restrict United States commerce," the Iron and Steel Institute charges in a complaint asking the Special Representative for Trade Negotiations to "eliminate the burden, restriction, and discrimination" resulting from the agreement and to compensate the American steel industry for losses "already sustained."

This "diversion" case is especially significant in that it illustrates the bond between Japan's Ministry of International Trade and Industry, alleged to have engineered the "understanding" with the ECSC, and Japan's "big six" steel producers, as well as lesser manufacturers tied to the six. But beyond this individual case, American steel executives cite a plethora of other devices by which Japanese government and industry function as one on the international scene. At the root of the financial relationship between the public and private sectors is the Bank of Japan, a government institution that insures the strength of commercial banks, which in turn effectively underwrite virtually all major Japanese corporations. "Japanese companies routinely operate with eighty percent of their capitalization in the form of debt to the banks," notes an American steel official. "The government designated steel a priority industry after the war, meaning it funneled enormous sums into massive new installations. They can lower export prices because they're subsidized in Japan." In other words, says an analyst for the Special Trade Representative, "the Japanese companies can operate more easily at a loss because they're financed by debts." All a Japanese steel company need do is meet its interest payments, the analyst explains, "whereas American steel companies need a return on their equity."

Nor does Japan, Inc., compete merely through government-supported financing or carefully orchestrated negotiations by diplomats and industry executives abroad. Reflecting Japan's lack of natural resources, iron and steel producers agree in advance on which company will manufacture which specific goods or materials. "Dividing up the industry permits you to totally restructure inventories and install facilities that concentrate on only one item," says an American competitor. Sensible as mutual agreement on markets and products might appear from the viewpoint of maximizing resources, such collusion is illegal in the United States—and contributes substantially to the competitive advantage of Japanese industry worldwide. "We're in a position now where we maintain that we are equal in competitive abilities to the Japanese in the American market," summarizes a representative of the American Iron and Steel Institute, "but we can be competitive only when you

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add in the cost of shipping exports from Japan to the U.S."

Under these circumstances, the thought of American companies exporting even small shipments of highly specialized steel products to Japan is absurd. (The same may be said of television sets or cars or any other manufactured goods in appreciable quantities.) Although Japan did away with formal import quotas and tariffs (under heavy American pressure) in the early 1970s, "non-tariff barriers" embedded in the society—in the Japanese way of doing business—make mass marketing of foreign-made goods in direct competition with Japanese products virtually impossible in Japan. For example, wealthy Japanese, including top leaders of criminal gangs and underworld organizations, are wont to purchase American luxury cars as status symbols, but the intricacies of the local distribution system jack up retail prices too much for most potential customers. Then, too, Japanese officials delay sales by spending three months testing new models and insisting upon special verification of the model year of each car—they are not prepared to accept the stamped metal inside the hood.

"There's no way we could sell there," says a steel executive. "No Japanese firm would buy foreign steel. They're all tied into the Japanese system."

Whether it manifests itself in industry-wide disputes or in petty hassles over niggling details, the total panorama of obstacles forms what Richard P. Simmons, president of Allegheny Ludlum Steel, calls a "mosaic" that compels American business to counterattack at every turn. Chairman of the international trade committee of the American Iron and Steel Institute, Simmons charges that he and his colleagues are "having to compete against people who don't have to make a profit." Simmons also serves as chairman of the advisory committee of the manufacturers of specialty steel (tough, high-priced steel alloys), and he spearheaded the first successful effort at persuading the government to "protect" the specialty steel industry. On the basis of an investigation conducted to determine whether Japanese competition was indeed endangering American specialty steel output, former President Ford last year imposed a three-year quota on the import of specialty steel from Japan. That action, however, provides relief for only a small portion of the steel industry against Japanese and Common Market inroads. The "mosaic" of barriers remains essentially unaffected.

ALTHOUGH Simmons and other American executives do not say so openly, the broad picture formed by the "mosaic" is increasingly one of dark, brooding shadows hanging over the brightly lighted plain of Japanese-American "friendship." The shadows extend from Tokyo—where the new Fukuda government will face worsening political opposition and general discontent if it fails to solve Japan's economic problems—to Washington, where another new government may have to decide quite soon between benevolent free-trading liberalism and old-fashioned protectionism. In fact, it was probably Japan's domestic economic travail, more than any other factor, that forced the series of Lockheed-related crises within the Liberal-Democratic Party (LDP) and that finally led to the elections in which the LDP, for the first time in its 21-year history, failed to win a majority in the lower house. Waging what he knew would

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Riding the CB Boom:

Onslaught from Across the Pacific

CARS, automotive parts, pickup trucks, CB radios, television sets, cameras, watches—they're pouring into the United States in such huge quantities these days that names like Datsun and Sony are almost as familiar to Americans as Ford and Zenith. And while most Americans probably realize that Datsun and Sony are Japanese, it is doubtful that more than a small percentage of the purchasing public is aware that Dodge Colt cars and Motorola television sets are also "made in Japan."

Whatever the brand name, exports from Japan to the United States climbed to record highs last year in almost every kind of industry. Beating out competition from Europe, Japan's automobile manufacturers dominated all other import categories by shipping approximately 1.2 million cars to the United States, to the tune of $2.9 billion, 65 percent above the total for 1975. American car manufacturers would doubtless have responded with cries of alarm had not total domestic automobile sales risen 22 percent in 1976 (while foreign imports were capturing only 14.7 percent of the American market—down from the record 18.5 percent of the year before). Indeed, the American automotive industry did so well that the percentage of Japanese car sales in the United States actually decreased, from 9.5 percent in 1975 to 9.3 percent in 1976, with Toyotas, Datsuns, and Hondas accounting for most of the business.

CARS constituted by far the largest single source for Japan's 1976 export earnings of more than $15.5 billion from the United States—up 38 percent from the 1975 figure of less than $11.3 billion. Proportional increases in other fields, however, were still more spectacular—exports of automotive parts, for instance, shot up 131 percent in 1976, to over $1.2 billion, while sales of compact pickup trucks nearly doubled, to $648 million. Indeed, the only major category in which exports fell was that of motorcycles, down 29 percent from 1975, to $455 million, still enough to account for 80 percent of all "bike" sales in the United States. Economic analysts attribute the decline in motorcycle exports to rising costs that place many models in almost the same price class as compact cars.

The greatest percentage gain, though was in the export of "transceivers," or two-way radios. Riding the CB boom in America, Japanese manufacturers fully tripled exports to the United States, to $755 million. Sales of other bits of communications gear also zoomed, albei not quite so phenomenally. Americans bought $645 million worth of Japanese audio-tape equipment in 1976, 50 percen more than in 1975, and another $586 million worth of Japanese television sets up 134 percent. Indicative of the might of the Japanese in the television industr is the fact that two major American manufacturers, rather than complain about "predatory pricing" and whatnot have decided that the easiest course

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be his last serious bid for power, the seventy-one-year-old Fukuda astutely exploited factional feuding touched off within the LDP by "Lockheed" to dump Takeo Miki, who as prime minister accepted "full responsibility" for his party's political embarrassment and failure.

A supreme irony of the shift in LDP and national leadership is that Miki is widely regarded as incorruptible. Indeed, Miki had insisted (against the advice of his LDP allies) on pursuing the Lockheed matter to the point where former prime minister Kakuei Tanaka, who had defeated Fukuda in a bitterly contested election in 1972 and then resigned in a welter of financial scandals nearly two and a half years later, was arrested and charged with having accepted a slice of the Lockheed pie. The fact that Lockheed could then have rebounded against Miki himself underlines its real significance in awakening the electorate to the necessity not for radical change but for the "revitalization" of an economic system with which it has lived for the past hundred years.

"I am not so petty as to think that just because a man belonged to the Tanaka faction he must be kicked out of the cabinet," was Fukuda's waspish reply when quizzed at a New Year's Eve press conference about the inclusion of four onetime Tanaka allies in his new cabinet. Although he promised to follow Miki's policy of "thoroughly unraveling" Lockheed, he left the impression that the investigation would deteriorate in very Japanese fashion into a bureaucratic exercise leading after numerous delays to pro forma trials of a few principals. "As far as the Japanese are concerned, the air is cleared on Lockheed," says an American diplomat with years of experience in watching the delicate intricacies of politics in Japan. "The fact that trials are going on takes care of the matter. Now everyone can forget about it." The Japanese, he continues, would much rather "think about a new Japan," and Fukuda's most pressing aim is to achieve economic reform by year's end in order to stabilize his own position—far preferable to risking further embarrassment by reviving the memory of Lockheed.

Tangible proof of the direction of Fukuda's policies, aside from his public utterances, lies in his appointment of Iichiro Hatoyama, a former vice-minister of finance, as foreign minister. It is Hatoyama's first diplomatic post. The son of Ichiro Hatoyama, the prewar rightist education minister who united the Liberal and Democratic parties in 1955, the younger Hatoyama did not hesitate as secretary of the LDP's finance bureau to comfort Tanaka after his release on high bail from 21 days of questioning about Lockheed. Echoing Fukuda's pleas for "close cooperation with industrial nations in order to revitalize the world economy," Hatoyama now must turn his economic expertise to negotiations with a host of trading partners distressed over Japan's aggressive salesmanship. His immediate goal is to convince Japan's "friends" that it does not intend to increase exports—even though Japanese officials betray no desire to reduce them. So far, the most that Japanese bureaucrats can promise is a "decline in growth" in foreign sales, while Fukuda focuses on revving up the domestic economy through greater investment in public-works projects and other stimulants.

Whatever he does, Fukuda must act decisively to combat the growing power of younger conservatives. Although the president of the LDP could previously count on the party's

is to sell out to the competition—Matsushita Electric acquired Motorola in 1974, and Sanyo purchased Warwick toward the end of last year.

THE influence of Japanese enterprise extends, moreover, beyond such major categories as cars and electronics to almost every facet of American life. In 1976 alone, Americans spent $111.4 million on Japanese watches and another $73.9 million on watch movements and cases. Still cameras, with all the flash equipment and other paraphernalia to go with them, accounted for $183.4 million in American sales, and motion picture cameras and parts earned $42.6 million. Symbolic of the breadth and depth of their success in exporting to the U.S., Japanese entrepreneurs picked up another $156.3 million by selling toys, sporting goods, and other forms of "amusement" to fun-loving Americans.

And what did the United States get in return for the onslaught from across the Pacific? American exports to Japan totaled $10.1 billion in 1976, up 6 percent from 1975, but still not as much as the record level of $10.7 billion, set in 1974. Perhaps the greatest disappointment was a 27 percent drop in the export of coal and coking material, the leading export category, which slid to just over $1 billion for the year, partly as a result of relatively slow-moving economic conditions in Japan. At the same time, lower world prices offset the potential gains from substantial increases in the volume of exports of three major agricultural products: corn, up only 7 percent in earnings to $752 million; soybeans, up 4 percent to $675 million; and wheat, up 3 percent to $522 million.

In fact, the year might have been a general disaster for American exports to Japan had it not been for large increases in earnings from logs and lumber, up 21 percent to $893 million; cotton, up 29 percent to $259 million; and tobacco, up a whopping 69 percent to $223 million. As it was, the pattern underlined Japanese reluctance to let American business compete effectively on Japanese soil—the only industrial category in the "top ten" list of American exports to Japan last year was that of business machines, notably computers, up 24 percent to $272 million. "The Japanese have only gotten into the field in the past few years," says an economist at the U. S.-Japan Trade Council, a Washington-based promotional organization operated by the Japanese government. "American technology is still ahead of them."

That explanation no doubt accounts for why the United States could export $135.8 million worth of measuring and testing equipment to Japan in 1976, up 19.3 percent from the previous year, and $174.4 million in pharmaceutical goods, up 23.8 percent. For American businessmen, however, such bright spots are cause for concern as well as elation. American cars and radios were also once top sellers in Japan—until the Japanese perfected their own technology and then assiduously began excluding them, by "non-tariff barriers" as well as legal barriers, while at the same time flooding American and other foreign markets as never before in history. —D.K.

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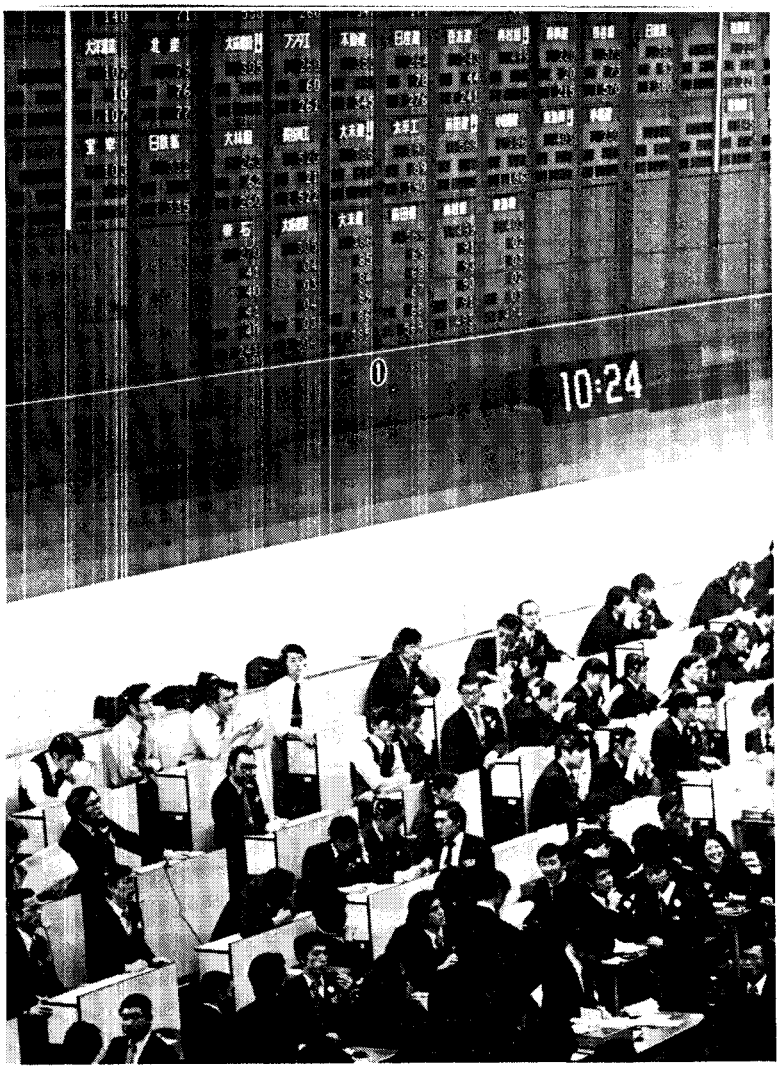

Tokyo Stock Exchange—"Exports compensating for sluggish conditions at home."

majority in the lower house to elect him as prime minister, Fukuda had to win back a number of independents to muster the requisite number of votes in the balloting this past December, and even then he won by only a one-vote majority in the 511-member body. If Fukuda fails to live up to his promises, as did both Miki and Tanaka, his critics in parliament will include not only the Socialists and Communists (the latter actually lost 20 seats in the election) but also the 18 members of the New Liberal Club (a breakaway party of former LDP members organized last summer by a rising thirty-nine-year-old conservative named Yohei Kono) and the 56 members of the fundamentally conservative, Buddhist-backed Komeito. The final outcome of Japan's economic dilemma, set off by the steep 1973 increase in the price of oil (Japan's supply of oil is entirely imported), may yet be a major political reorganization in which a young conservative star such as Kono reshuffles conservative factions both in and out of the LDP.

IN THE end, though, the pivotal factor may prove to be the Japanese-American relationship. Dedicated at the outset to all the principles of free trade, the Carter administration might change its mind if the U.S. trade imbalance with Japan does not markedly improve—or if the International Trade Commission and the Special Trade Representative recommend stringent measures aimed at Japanese industry. "I am not concerned about the bilateral surplus," says Richard N. Cooper, former Yale economics professor and newly appointed undersecretary of state for economic affairs, who visited Tokyo before President Carter's inaugural. "What should be of concern is the size of Japan's *overall* trade surplus." That remark can be interpreted as a broad hint of the pressure the United States might conceivably exert on Japan to cut down on its exports. Nonetheless, Cooper insists the government should not knuckle under to the demands of manufacturers clamoring for protective measures. "In today's world it would be undesirable for the United States to signal a strong switch," he says. "We're trying to inhibit protectionism elsewhere." Cooper praises the Fukuda government for expanding its own economy by increasing domestic capital expenditures by 18 percent—a measure he believes might "do the trick" in pulling what would otherwise be exports "back into Japan" by encouraging greater Japanese spending at home.

The question, though, is how Carter's top aides, particularly Zbigniew Brzezinski—the President's special assistant for national security affairs and author of a book a few years back in which he analyzed Japan's underlying fear of total isolation and collapse—will react if Japan keeps exporting at the same level for the next couple of years. "I don't think the two countries are heading for trouble at all," responds Harvard professor Edwin Reischauer, whose tour as ambassador to Japan ended in 1966, before the trade imbalance had turned into a serious irritant. "We're both too important to each other." The feeling among diplomats remains that Fukuda, though a hard and shrewd bargainer, would yield to the United States rather than risk a diplomatic crisis that might undermine his government. "Basically, what both countries have done is to contain these matters," says one veteran diplomatic observer. "You don't think you'd find Fukuda cutting off his nose to spite his face, do you?" And the Japanese ambassador to the United States, Fumihiko Togo, talks in equally calm tones. "There is much more awareness in Japan generally that, in dealing with global economic questions, Japan cannot afford bad relations with the United States," says Togo. "Instead of making predictions about the future, my interest is to forestall unfortunate developments."

For all the diplomatic sweet talk, however, one gets the sense that "unfortunate developments" are already occurring—and that they may have an impact not yet foreseen by the new administration. Relations between Japan and the United States "are no more likely to be improved by tolerating dumping and other unfair acts by Japanese producers exporting to the United States than by tolerating bribery by American manufacturers exporting to Japan," says John J. Nevin, chairman of the board and president of Zenith Radio Corporation. "The long-range effect of that kind of toleration is to generate or increase the very suspicions and animosities improved trade relations are designed to reduce or eliminate." The inference is clear: If the present pattern continues, the narrowly confined suspicions of business interests could turn into a crisis of *popular* animosity in which both governments would finally confront each other with inflexible, hard-line policies. And such an impasse might lead to the end not only of the Japanese-American "special relationship" but also of the existing Japanese power structure, whose rule the United States has indirectly encouraged ever since the end of the Second World War. ◉

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The Last Man in America Who Believes in Love

Lancelot
by Walker Percy
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 257 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Bruce Cook

WHEN critics draw up lists of important American novelists, as they love to do, Walker Percy's name is one that is often and unjustly omitted. Why should this be? After all, he made a spectacular debut, winning the National Book Award with his first novel, *The Moviegoer*, in 1962. And his second, *The Last Gentleman*, won him a nomination for the same prize in 1966. His third novel, *Love in the Ruins*, and his recent work of philosophical nonfiction, *The Message in the Bottle*, were enthusiastically received—as this new novel, his fourth, should certainly be, too. He is admired, respected, and read—yet somehow nearly always forgotten by the list-makers.

Perhaps he is overlooked because he is the most difficult of all contemporary novelists to fix in any of the usual convenient categories. Born and raised in the South, the son of an old southern family, he is content to make his home there today, in Covington, Louisiana. Yet the fiction of Walker Percy notably lacks the local color—the magnolias and honeysuckle—and the Faulknerian, Old Testament sensibility for which southern writers are noted. He is essentially a philosophical novelist; but a rare one, for there is such a crisp clarity to his writing, and such a lot of humor, that it is quite without pretension.

If Percy is a philosopher, then he is an existentialist; if an existentialist, then not an atheist like Sartre or Camus—though he owes something to both—but a disciple of Gabriel Marcel, the late French Christian existentialist who found no difficulty in reconciling Catholic dogma with that most subjective and experience-oriented philosophy. For Walker Percy is himself a Christian, a Catholic, and he carries that onus as a novelist.

A few years ago, he wrote an excellent essay, "Notes for a Novel About the End of the World," which is contained in *The Message in the Bottle*. In it, he discusses the responsibilities, advantages, and disadvantages of being an American Christian novelist at a time when we are witnessing "the passing of one age and the beginning of another." Things are no easier for the Christian novelist than they are for the secular writer, Percy assures us. In fact, they may be a little more difficult. The subject of the post-modern novel is post-modern man, his predicaments and his despair, and if the Christian novelist is to write honestly in this age, Percy contends, then he, too, must work on the same raw material as his secular colleague:

> The American novel in past years has treated such themes as persons whose lives are blighted by social evils, or reformers who attack those evils, or perhaps the dislocation of American expatriates, or of Southerners living in a region haunted by memories. But the hero of the postmodern novel is a man who has forgotten his bad memories and conquered his present ills and who finds himself in the victorious secular city. His only problem now is to keep from blowing his brains out.

That last bit quite neatly describes the situation of Lancelot Andrewes Lamar, the hero—if that is quite the word—of Walker Percy's new novel, *Lancelot*. There he sits in his neat little cell in the nuthouse, refusing at first even to remember the circumstances that brought him there. He is paid a series of visits by a priest-psychiatrist, a friend from his youth, who gradually draws from him the story of the terrible fire at Lancelot's ancestral home, Belle Isle; the death of his wife, Margot, and the others staying there; and the details of what happened during the week or so leading up to the tragedy.

Walker Percy—"A voice in a wilderness of porno shops."

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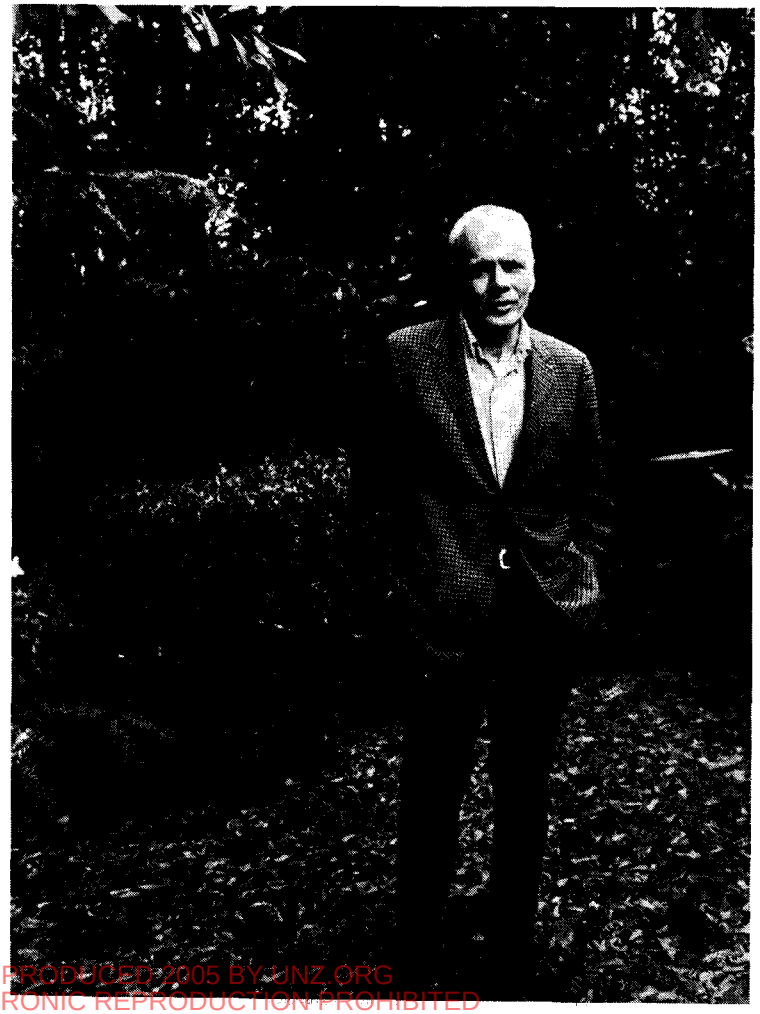

Bruce Cook's Dalton Trumbo *was published in January by Scribner's.*

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The novel is told completely in Lancelot's voice. Although exchanges between the teller and his listener are implied, we never actually hear the priest—only the narrator recounting, digressing, justifying, haranguing. In form, it is a *récit*, that distinctively French, first-person narrative of which the most familiar example to American readers is Camus's *The Stranger*. In content, it is in at least one sense a confession to a priest—even though Lancelot asks no forgiveness for what he has done and ends up offering the priest moral counsel himself. And what has he done? As he sees it, in murdering a houseful of people he did no more than serve as judge on his own bench and then faithfully carry out the sentence that he himself had handed down.

The trouble begins for Lancelot when he discovers by a casual check of his daughter's blood type that he could not possibly be her father. Diligent research reveals that the girl's natural father is a motion-picture director who at the very time of Lancelot's discovery has come back into Margot Lamar's life and is directing a film on location nearby. Margot, an actress of sorts, has wangled a part in it and is frequently absent from home. Lancelot becomes a man quietly obsessed: he must have *proof* of his wife's infidelity. This he ultimately gets with the help of his houseboy—a reserved young black on summer holiday from MIT—and $10,000 worth of videotape equipment. Playing God, he has a go at omniscience, sitting back and witnessing it all on playback. What he discovers, however, is that Margot has left her director-lover for the producer of the picture, an altogether more contemptible sort. But no matter: Lancelot will wreak vengeance on them all.

Now, what I have given here in summary is what happens in the book—not what it is *about*. The beauty of the *récit* form is that the narrator (the speaker) is not tied very tightly to his narrative. He may range wide, backing and filling at will, commenting on the action, drawing his own conclusions. This Lancelot does most freely, and as a result, what the reader is offered here by Walker Percy is not some mean, spare tale that might better have been handled as a short story, but rather a complete, living and breathing novel. By the end of the book, we know a great deal about Lancelot Andrewes Lamar, his personal history and predilections. We learn a little about his first marriage, his career as an unpopular civil-rights lawyer in the fictitious Feliciana Parish, Louisiana, and finally, more than a little about his courtship of Margot and their early life together. Walker Percy manages all this brilliantly, using suggestion and ellipses as can few other writers in our age of overstatement, evoking a night in a sentence, an episode in a single paragraph. And in this way he works a kind of magic: he makes the book bigger on the inside than it is on the outside.

But what this particular form does best for Walker Percy is to allow him to give full vent to his prophetic voice. Frankly, I wouldn't have guessed he had it in him. The tone is entirely new. Speaking through his madman, Percy is positively eloquent in his rage:

> I cannot tolerate this age. And I will not. I might have tolerated you and your Catholic Church [speaking to the priest], if you had remained true to yourself. Now you're part of the age. You've the same fleas as the dogs you've lain down with. I would have felt at home at Mont-Saint-Michel, the Mount of the Archangel with the flaming sword, or with Richard Coeur de Lion at Acre. They believed in a God who said he came not to bring peace but the sword. Make love not war? I'll take war rather than what this age calls love. Which is a better world, this . . . fornicating Happyland U.S.A. or a Roman legion under Marcus Aurelius Antonius? Which is worse, to die with T. J. Jackson at Chancellorsville or live with Johnny Carson in Burbank?

He rails on, a voice in a wilderness of porno shops and massage parlors, playing Jeremiah to Hugh Hefner, Larry Flynt, and company. It is the voice of one who sees himself as the last man in America who believes in love.

Although different from Walker Percy's previous novels, *Lancelot* relates to them all in curious ways: using the movie company at Belle Isle as the very incarnation of what he sees as our new Sodom, he puts a peculiar negative twist to Binx Bolling's reveries on film themes in *The Moviegoer*. In *The Last Gentleman*, Norman Mailer was one of a couple of writers he satirized mercilessly, and yet in *Lancelot* we have a novel that in its tone, in a couple of its incidents, and in its fine prophetic rage is quite like Mailer's *An American Dream*. And if *Love in the Ruins* is, as Percy subtitled it, "The Adventures of a Bad Catholic at a Time Near the End of the World," *Lancelot* is no less an end-of-the-world novel—albeit a far bleaker, more powerful, and desperate one.

It is, finally, an absolute piece of art, the best novel by an American I have read since *Humboldt's Gift*. How can the list-makers now overlook Walker Percy? ◉

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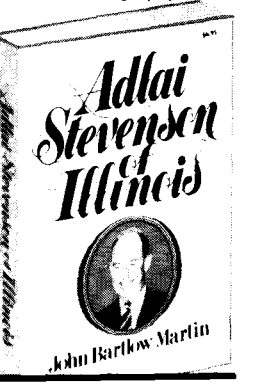

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A Technician's Romance

A Place to Come To
by Robert Penn Warren
Random House, 401 pp., $10

Reviewed by Richard Howard

NEAR the end of Robert Penn Warren's tenth novel, the narrator and central figure explains his boredom yet again: "But now my research and writing, like women, became valuable to me as a way to fill up time, and as I had more time to fill I had more fame. I tried to be kind to my students, but to bear down on them. I still had one belief, held with some passion, that good technicians—and you notice my choice of the term, for what it is worth—are better than bad ones."

It is difficult not to believe the novelist (and difficult not to believe he is speaking for himself, the obsessed professional) when he turns to us this way, addressing his readers directly from the center of his story. Here is a narrative of one man's self-recovery, believed in by its narrator and made believable to us only insofar as it is the product of a good technician. Of course, a good technician, in matters of fiction, is not necessarily a writer who avoids mistakes. Rather, I think he is a writer who can turn his mistakes, his crudities, and even his fatigue to his own advantage. He can perceive in a sentence about lovemaking—"I am sure that, in the occasion at my house, we both had expected to recapture something of the old magic"—both the corny shorthand that is unacceptable even to his hero *and* the necessary refinement of it, nearly a hundred pages later on: "I have never had the slightest notion of what happiness is—what I thought of all my life as happiness was only excitement." A good technician, then, is the storyteller who trusts his talent, if not his tale; his words, if not the world.

And it is hard for the reader to trust the tale told in *A Place to Come To*. So extreme are the terms of it, so sensational the world whose ways are grinningly recounted here, that we need a lot of slow convincing if we are to be brought round. We do get what we need, and Robert Penn Warren's novel is a success, but you would never believe it in any words but his.

Jediah Tewksbury, age nine, begins the telling of his story with the death of his father, at the end of World War I, in an accident that spreads a pall of penis envy over the boy's entire life. Not even in Hemingway has the central male figure been such a successful (and determined) lover as this affectless Alabama outsider, spurred by his iron-maiden mother to escape the South. With the assistance of the kind of old-maid Latin teacher that one assumes had been patented by Faulkner, Jed does escape the South, even though—once the University of Chicago, marriage, widowerhood, and even fighting with Italian partisans behind Nazi lines have intervened—the South is not to escape Jed. For the native returns—to Tennessee, and to a sybaritic set of high-living profligates, including, of course, the Pretty Girl from back home in Alabama, who is now up in the world and down on her luck. Jed makes terrible depredations, as an earlier generation of southern novelists used to say, among the ladies, and must again escape—to Paris, Chicago, another marriage, fatherhood, fame, and fortune. "Hating the South I had fled it," he says, "and ever afterwards blamed my solitude on that fact. I had fled but had found nowhere to flee to. I told how I had tried to buy my way out of solitude by supporting the causes of virtue, but I felt isolated even from that virtue, an interloper, one might say, into Yankee virtue."

"Déjà vu!"

IN THAT passage, surely, the difference between my graceless summary and Warren's "good technique" is apparent. Whenever one is tempted to put aside this romance—for that is what it is, this account of spiritual withdrawal—Warren is there at one's elbow, murmuring slyly that yes, the characters, even if they are only effigies, are incredible; and that yes, the plot is manipulated entirely by the appearance, at seasonable intervals, of letters, phone calls, and behind-the-scenes shenanigans; but that there is more to this romance of the Recovered Comrade than that. There are words here in which all things are said to happen, even made to happen, and these words are worth hearing out: "With the

Richard Howard is the author of six volumes of verse, winner of the 1976 P.E.N. Translation Prize, and a professor of English in the Writing Seminars of Johns Hopkins University.

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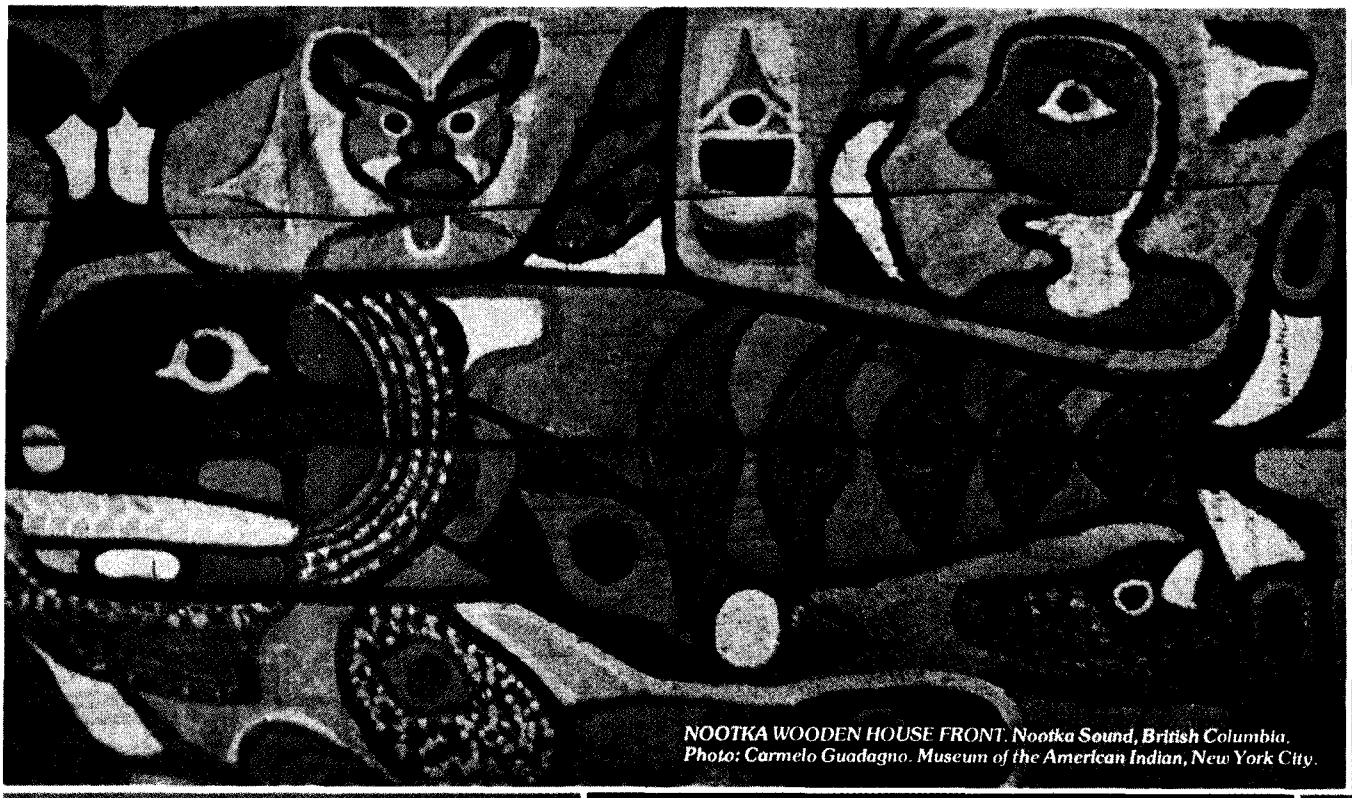
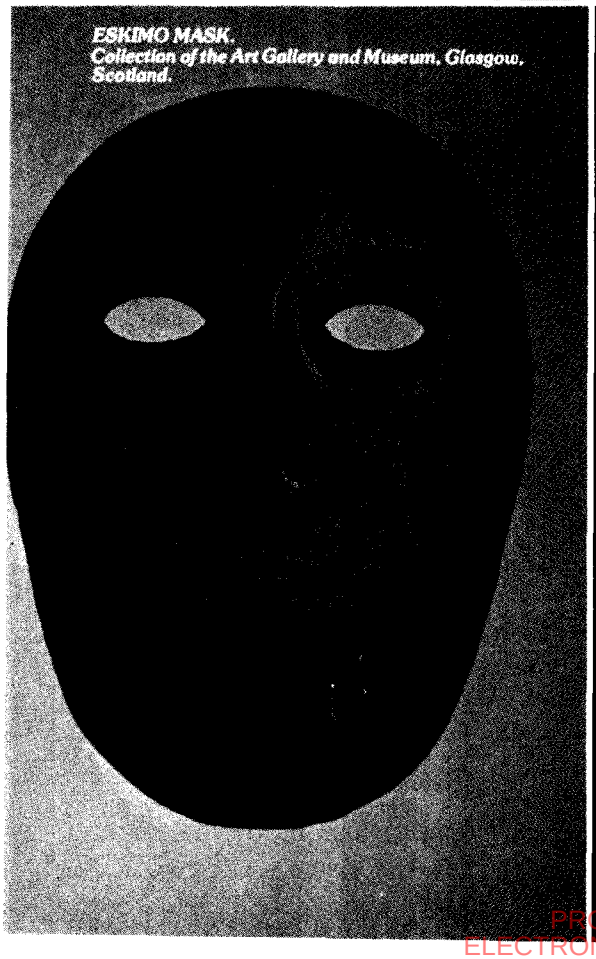


NOOTKA WOODEN HOUSE FRONT. Nootka Sound, British Columbia. Photo: Carmelo Guadagno. Museum of the American Indian, New York City.



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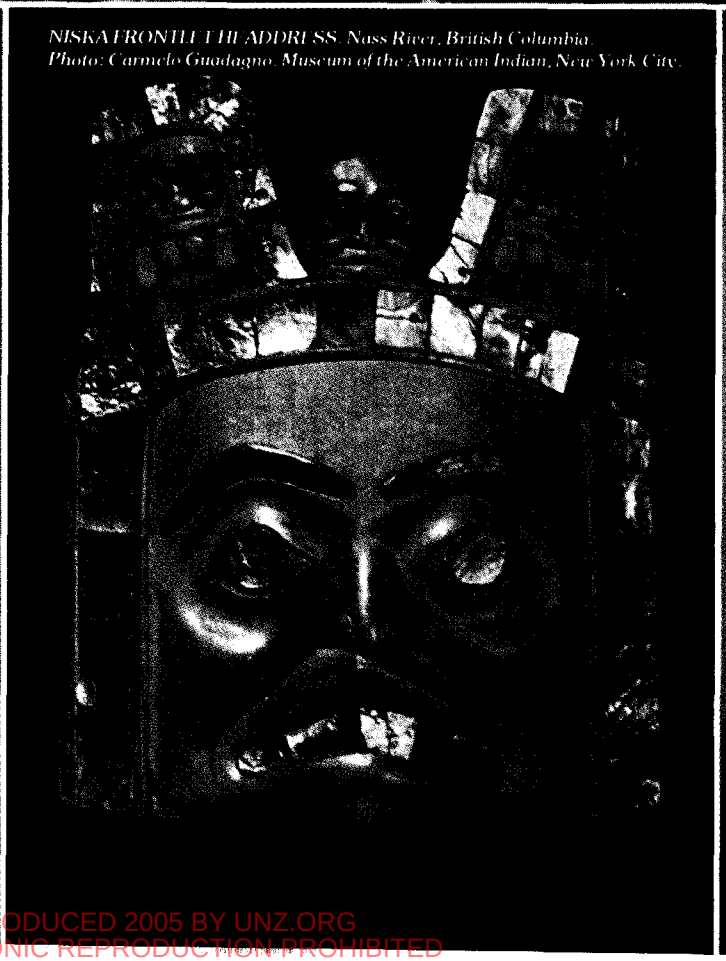
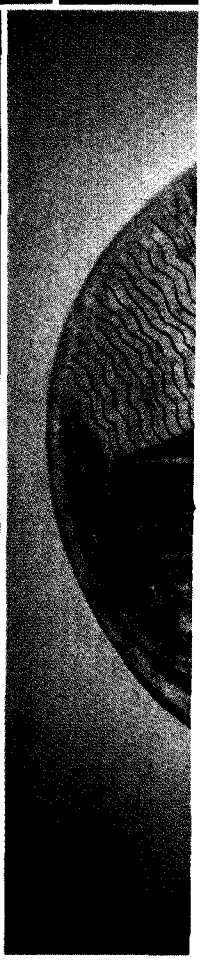


NISKA FRONTLET HEADDRESS. Nass River, British Columbia. Photo: Carmelo Guadagno. Museum of the American Indian, New York City.



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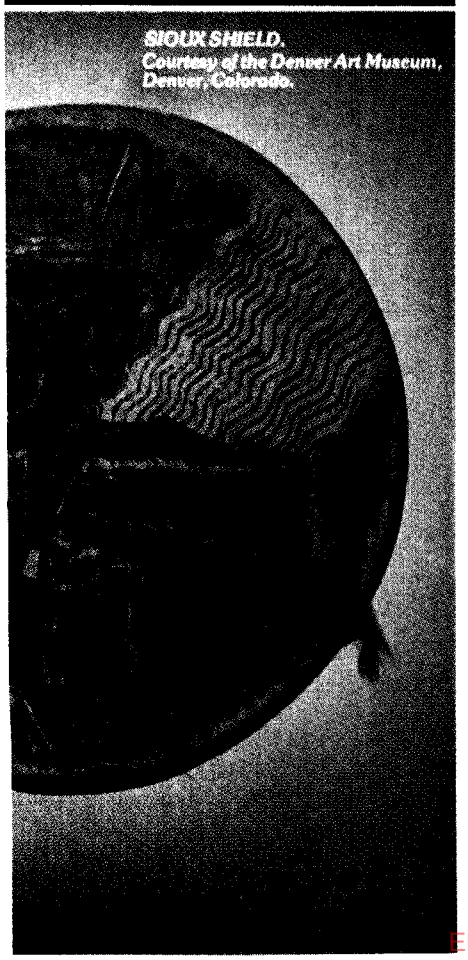

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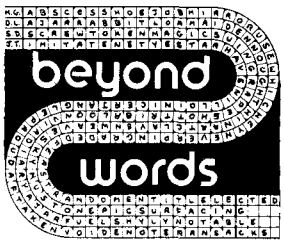

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willing suspension of disbelief, life is thus the richer, even if you are fed, and know it, on a meat of shadows."

Of course, the Pretty Girl from back home turns up again—in Italy, where Jed is being given yet another honorary degree (he hates the things). She has married again (a false swami but a real Negro, as she insists), has learned Italian, French, and "Do you want me to tell you about Lévi-Strauss and structuralism?" Jed lets us off that last one, but treats us to others. Returning from the fool's gold of the European educational establishment, Jed takes Ephraim, his son by that odd, offstage second marriage of his, on a canoe trip, where we hear "Ephraim's voice by the fire while we drank whisky and he quoted Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Vigny, Valéry and Villon (which seemed to stuff infinitely his head, tucked away among his formulae)." Such an excursion would, I maintain, destroy any other novel by any other novelist. But Robert Penn Warren can permit himself these sensational effects of bathos, which seem to stuff infinitely his head, tucked away among his formulae: "The woman had thrust a being forth from her body into the blaze and strangeness of the world, and now, half a century later and half a hemisphere away, a heavy, swarthy man, running to belly and getting a little bald on the top of his head, lay naked in a strange room in a strange country, and the voices rising from the street below, as the afternoon shadow lengthened, were in a tongue that, all at once, was strange to him." That is Jed, on hearing in Italy of his mother's death back in Alabama.

These are the lapses, though, which the good technician so warily, so edly, takes up like dropped stitches. e do not believe the Pretty Girl f back home could really tell us about s ural-ism, and if we do not for a mom redit the catalog of French poets re over the campfire by the unimaginabl n, we discover that the novelist, too, h d his little joke, and that if we subm Jed and his sentimentalities ("Any ; can become a way of life. Even de Even the question why death should me a way of life could itself become ay of life. That question was there cor ously and inevitably . . . but in its in bility it had long since ceased to de d an answer. It had become . . . purel etori-cal"), we can gain something el

What we gain is precisely th oduct of the good technician, the n upon whom nothing in the visible, igible world is lost. This man is pres in *A Place to Come To* (the "place" is the grave), as is the fabulous artificer of effigies obliged to articulate so shadowily the narrator's preposterous quest for authenticity. It is why I should like to call the book not a failed novel but a successful romance, for its theme is the gallantry of human experience, the high heroism of an effort—in this case, Jed Tewksbury's—to give the realia of life a shape and a texture that risk just the sort of solecisms I have instanced. The mistake would be to assume that Jed Tewksbury is Robert Penn Warren. And of course sometimes Jed speaks so wittily, so eloquently, and so idiosyncratically that one could easily make that mistake, as when he learns Latin: "If you found a new name for a thing, it became real. That was the magic of the name. And if you found the names for all the things of a world, you could create a world that was real and different. The crazy word on the page was like a little hole in a great wall. You could peek through the hole and see a world where everything was different and bright. That world, I realized with a strange numbness of awe, was not far away. It was just on the other side of a wall."

But by the end of the book we know better. We know that the fabulous artificer and the good technician have concocted an uneasy alliance, not a coincidence, and that the novel they have made together is a splendid hoax. Or as the technician says: "Until you can understand that these things are different but are the same, you know nothing about the nature of life. I proclaim this." ◉

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 79

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 61.*

B K A B X K J A Z A O

J K N K M T K O A Q D T K

P A A J U M R O R Z P , O Q K H

D M K N A B X K D N K J

U R O Q E D J .

—K Y K M N A Z

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Marginalia

Convention
by Richard Reeves
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 246 pp., $10

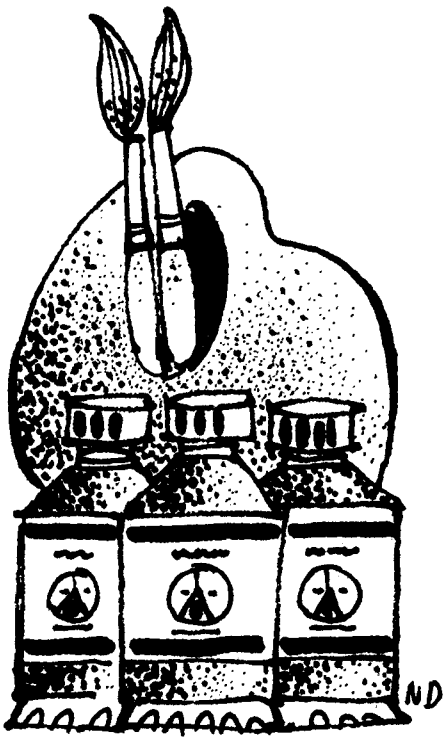
Reviewed by Robert Lekachman

RICHARD REEVES is an excellent and entertaining political writer. It is not really his fault that, like Winston Churchill's famous pudding, the 1976 Democratic national convention lacked a theme. Certainly when Reeves planned his book there was plausible expectation that this would be the first truly contested convention since 1960. At the beginning of 1976, before the New Hampshire and Florida primaries, the conventional political wisdom held that such declared runners as Jackson, Udall, Wallace, Bayh, and Carter; such long shots as Fred Harris and Milton Shapp; and finally, such potential late starters as Hubert Humphrey, Jerry Brown, and Frank Church would thoroughly fragment the delegate vote and confer on political correspondents the unutterable delights of interpreting a brokered convention.

Conflict is the stuff out of which the headlines are made. As Reeves discloses, Democratic national chairman Robert Strauss, the hero of the convention, had even laid plans for making the nominations in a smoke-filled room large enough to accommodate representatives of all the interests covered by the Democratic circus tent—regulars and reformers, patriots and partisans of amnesty, male chauvinists and women's liberationists, Southerners and Northerners, blacks and Chicanos, and so on.

Alas, all the suspense vanished in June, after the Ohio primary. Mayor Daley declared Jimmy Carter the Democratic presidential choice, even though on the very same Tuesday California's enigmatic Jerry Brown had swamped Carter in the California primary and an old pol named Jim Dugan had carried New Jersey for a slate ambiguously pledged to either Jerry Brown or Hubert Humphrey. Daley's pronouncement, endorsed by the media, became instant truth.

Politics are indeed odd. After the 1972 California primary, the nomination was equally safe for George McGovern. Nevertheless, the convention that followed was great fun for the spectators and a disaster for the nominee. Insomniacs were treated to a wild series of platform fights over convention rules, women's issues, gay liberation, drugs, and Vietnam. Quite predictably, TV addicts saw and heard some impassioned performances by a number of exotic Americans. One result of the convention anarchy was McGovern's delivery of his excellent acceptance speech at two-thirty in the morning, eastern daylight time, too late to catch the bulk of the audience, even out on the Pacific Coast.



Robert Strauss was a horrified student of the 1968 and 1972 convention disasters. He devoted his term as Democratic party chairman to making a determined effort to avoid a repetition. He was aware that after each of these small civil wars the opinion polls registered a sharp decline in public approval of the convention winner. It was a measure of Strauss's triumphant success in rewriting the rules (so as to shut off from public view untidy dissidents) that the Harris poll, which reported Carter leading Ford by 13 percentage points just prior to the convention, announced that in the week after the convention the margin had swelled to a phenomenal 39 points. I hope that someone is writing another book that explains just how that potential landslide margin had shrunk to nearly zero by Election Day.

All this placidity at the Democratic convention presented Reeves and his six legmen and legwomen with the serious problem of writing an entire book about a non-event. Their formula, which will be familiar to readers of *New York* magazine and its Rupert Murdoch stablemate *The Village Voice*, was to collect a mass of incidental details about people, places, and events. The cast of characters includes Clare Smith, the youngest delegate, not yet turned eighteen; a man who specializes in edging himself into television pictures with the famous; a determined black fireman from Indiana; ambitious politicians, like Ohio lieutenant governor Dick Celeste and Alabama Wallaceite Larry Morris, seeking publicity for their own future races; and a miscellaneous assortment of policemen, hookers, barmaids, and nude dancers.

Not that the famous are neglected, particularly on the frequent occasions when Reeves or one of his helpers catches them in some embarrassing, unflattering, or ridiculous posture. Jackie Onassis "cringes" as a phalanx of security men threatens to crush her. Without looking where she's going, she steps regally on an escalator, and someone wonders whether she expects escalators automatically to go in the direction she wants to go. Robert Strauss bellows obscenely over the telephone at Manfred Ohrenstein, a New York state senator from Manhattan. After enormous trouble, Phyllis Cerf Wagner gets herself on the VVIP list. Mo Udall walks out in the middle of Ron Kovic's affecting nominating speech for Fritz Efaw, a draft resister returned from European exile to campaign for amnesty; Sarah Kovner, a prominent New York Udall supporter, insists that he stay. When he

Robert Lekachman is Distinguished Professor of Economics at Herbert Lehman College of the City University of New York and author of Economists at Bay.

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pays no attention, she berates him, "Mo! Mo, I'm sorry I voted for you." Frank Church scowls petulantly while he waits impatiently to be interviewed. As soon as the camera turns his way, he breaks out into the beaming smile that had won him a primary or two. Lynda Johnson Robb sends a message to Paul Newman, seeking the chance of an introduction. He doesn't budge for a moment and mutters an obscenity. Some charitable soul comments that Mrs. Robb must think that her father is still President.

As for the places, Reeves and his crew appear to have surveyed some of the more noisome, lewd bars and cabarets Manhattan makes available, invariably discovering people wearing Carter buttons and sampling their pleasures. Reeves pays close attention to the dedicated effort of the cops to move the hookers out of sight of the middle-Americans, who already need no additional evidence that New York is Sodom and Gomorrah rolled into one haven of vice.

New York makes a genuine attempt to shape up. A bankrupt metropolis cannot afford to be sniffy about the people who pay hotel and restaurant bills. The sanitation department heroically cleans the streets and sidewalks surrounding Madison Square Garden and the major convention hotels. Cabdrivers are overheard thanking their fares for small tips and wishing them a good day. An unidentified black woman rescues and returns to her parents a terrified little girl separated from her family by swiftly shutting subway doors.

Potential tourists should pay special heed to Reeves's comments on local hotels. He has them dead right. There is less talk about restaurants, possibly because most of the delegates lived on 85-cent Stevens concession hot dogs, free sandwiches and booze at politicians' hospitality suites, or on deli products purchased in extremis from 24-hour delicatessens, which are one of the city's glories and an important reason why New Yorkers transplanted by force of economic necessity to the provinces often sink into permanent depression.

Indeed, *Convention* is more informative about New York and its media and unions than it is about Democratic politics. Anyone who marvels at the omniscience of John Chancellor and Walter Cronkite can learn about the array of spotters, legmen, and analysts who feed information on cards to the great men. There are mordant comments on New York unions and on the susceptibility to instant theft of portable property such as typewriters and TV sets. I suspect that masochistic residents of the city will enjoy *Convention* more than any other identifiable constituency.

By occupational habit, political reporters are cynics. Reeves calls Udall a nice man, for a politician. Commenting on Shapp's refusal to go further than seconding the Efaw nomination, he says, "The American politician: Second in war, second in peace, second in the hearts of his countrymen." Not the most elegant of epigrams, but obviously straight from Reeves's heart. One of the drawbacks of employing the cynical tone, however, is the difficulty one encounters in trying to rise above it when something genuine occurs. Reeves does mention, of course, Barbara Jordan's keynote address and the majestic benediction by Martin Luther King, Sr., but the tone of his prose is flat and almost begrudging.

I can in good conscience recommend *Convention* as a lively book about a boring political fait accompli. One can't help thinking, however, that Reeves and his team, who knocked on so many doors, interviewed so many people among the mighty and the humble, consulted so many of their media friends, and listened in on so many conversations addressed to someone else's ears, missed the significance of the occasion. For beneath the surface, the convention reflected some important changes in American political life. A candidate came out of the wrong region to wrest the nomination from a power structure that had initially ignored him. He stressed revivalist themes unsuited—as any expert would know—to big-time, national politics. Somehow he neutralized or partially converted the remaining big-city bosses, solidified his hold on black voters, soothed Mayor Beame of New York, and made programmatic liberals clamor for his ear.

Reeves might well have written more about the black caucuses and women's caucuses, which decided to make no waves at the love feast. He might even have spared a line or two for Michael Harrington's gathering of socialists at the Democracy '76 caucus. Highly respectable labor leaders, among them the next president of the International Association of Machinists, were in attendance.

Deprived of his intended, larger prey by Strauss and Carter, Reeves apparently decided to write an entertaining but trivial diary of minor happenings. I fear that he succeeded. ◉

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Books in Brief

Hitler's War
by David Irving
Viking, 902 pp., $17.50

DAVID IRVING here attempts the seemingly impossible: to exonerate Hitler. Ten years of scouring German wartime documents and diaries have convinced him that Hitler was not history's arch-villain, but a courageous and pragmatic leader who erred through reclusiveness, indecision, and misplaced trust. Abandoning domestic politics during the war, Hitler withdrew into his bunker, where he vacillated over strategy and relied on men whose bad judgment and deviousness often undercut his authority. Hence his conquests did not issue from a grand design, but from surprising initial successes—and Britain's refusal to negotiate. The later military reversals that cost Germany the war likewise resulted not from Hitler's hysterical megalomania, but from erroneous intelligence information and bad luck. And, most remarkably, the killing of the Jews was not the Führer's idea but, Irving says, "a cynical extrapolation by the central SS authorities of Hitler's anti-Semitic decrees." Irving supplies evidence that Hitler once even prohibited liquidation of the Jews and accuses Himmler of concealing the fact of the murders. The author finds no proof that Hitler ever knew the truth.

Irving's case is ingenious but legalistic—and therefore historically suspect. Depending heavily on the lack of written commands from Hitler, Irving acquits him of responsibility for the Nazis' most egregious sins and concludes that "Hitler was less than an omnipotent Führer" whose "grip on his immediate subordinates weakened as the war progressed." Hitler's singular malevolence thus becomes myth in Irving's eyes, and the moral burden of the war's brutality shifts to others, including the instigator of urban bombing, Winston Churchill. —JAMES SLOAN ALLEN

The Life and Extraordinary Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin
by Vladimir Voinovich
Translated by Richard Lourie
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 204 pp., $8.95

REALISTIC portraits of life in Stalin's Russia we've had aplenty. This comic masterpiece on the same subject is a rarity not to be missed.

On the eve of World War II, Red Army draftee Private Chonkin, who is short, bowlegged, red-eared, and bumbling, is sent by his unit to guard a downed Soviet plane in a remote village—and then forgotten. Chonkin, sensible fellow, shacks up with the local postmistress and settles into the sluggish rhythms of the rural life he was raised in. Irresistibly funny slapstick capers ensue as the secret police get on the trail of the "deserter" and then the army dispatches a whole regiment to liquidate "the Chonkin gang"—capers in which a drunken party chairman, a crackpot plant breeder, and a pet hog play notable roles.

In the course of telling a story that was understandably not published in Russia (though it has circulated there clandestinely), Voinovich pokes fun at just about every sacred cow in Soviet life: the army, the party, the secret police, collective farming, peasant reeducation, and Stalin himself. With masterly skill he sets his tale in the perspective of farce, and thereby underlines the absurdities and inhumanities of a system that in reality was far from farcical. The variations are Russian, but the theme is universal: Chonkin, for all his feet of clay—indeed, precisely because of them—embodies the humanity that "systems" forget.

—PETER GARDNER

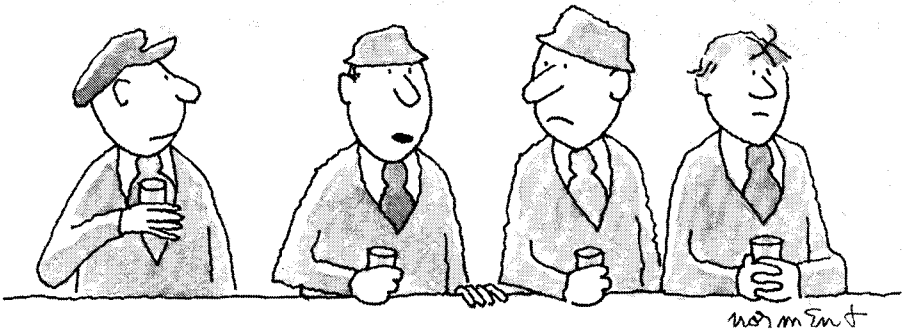
The Marble Man: Robert E. Lee and His Image in American Society
by Thomas L. Connelly
Knopf, 272 pp., $10

IN 1933, British major general J.F.C. Fuller dared to publish a portrayal of Robert E. Lee as a parochial anachronism, incapable of grasping the larger strategic concepts of total warfare. Worshipful America preferred the four-volume testament by Douglas S. Freeman, the journalist-historian who never failed to salute the statue of his faultless subject on his daily trip to the office in downtown Richmond. Now, Thomas L. Connelly, author of two books on the campaigns in Tennessee, suggests that Fuller was right.

Connelly provides a fascinating insight into the historical press-agentry through which Lee was enshrined as the symbol of the "Lost Cause" and an exemplar of American virtues. In the process, former southern idols—such as Stonewall Jackson and Albert Sidney Johnston—were downgraded. Lee's defeat at Gettysburg was blamed on James Longstreet; the surrender at Appomattox, on northern numbers and materiel.

Connelly's demythologized Lee is a man of savage temper, deep depressions, fear of personal failure, obsession with death, and an unhappy marriage. A Virginia aristocrat, he commits himself to the cause of the bumptious, lower, cotton South. An admirer of George Washington (whose step-great-granddaughter he married), he cannot combine statesmanship with generalship. Yet he might have won, and who can resist what Bernard De Voto in these pages (*SR*, March 6, 1937) called "the whisper of a great Perhaps"?

—MAX M. MINTZ



"Sometimes I wonder if we're really real. Maybe we're all just characters in a cartoon that somebody drew."

Farewell Happy Fields
by Kathleen Raine
Braziller, 173 pp., $7.95

THIS first volume of memoirs by the British poet and Blake scholar Kathleen Raine is not so much the chronological story of her childhood and adolescence as it is a kind of meditation on the memories that have been crucial to her imagina-

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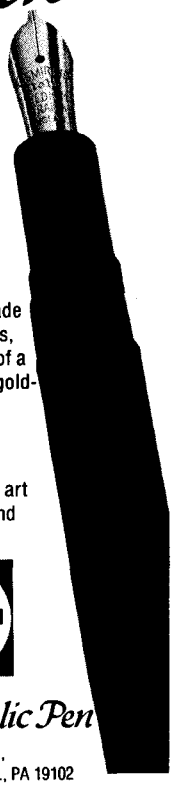

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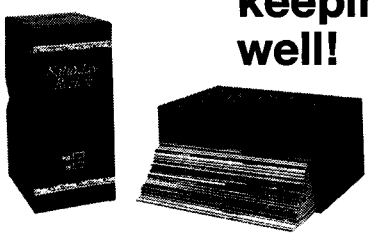

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tion. We hear much of young (even infant) Kathleen's delight in nature and of her love for the Northumberland village where she lived for a few happy years with an aunt; of her reverence for the traditions and feudal habits of thought preserved by her Scottish mother and of her sense of exile from the spiritual home that Scotland represented; of her contempt for her actual home, a London suburb, and for her father's proletarian origins and democratic-socialist ideals. Of friends, school, neighbors, daily life, we are told not nearly enough.

Miss Raine seems to be so obsessed with the dreariness of existence among the "vulgar herd" for such a "winged soul" as herself that she has chosen to overlook most of the particulars of her own life: even her first romance is described largely in terms of the refuge it provided from the horrors of middle-class conventionality. One could forgive (or skip) Miss Raine's long and querulous laments on the passing of feudalism, her servile paeans to high birth and her disdain for low (poor Mr. Raine!). What makes one feel cheated is her etherealization of her own life; for when she does come down to earth, she can convey the reality of that much hated Edwardian suburb with the concreteness of imagination that marks a true poet.

—KATHA POLLITT

Possession
by Nicholas Delbanco
Morrow, 228 pp., $8.95

On his family estate in the hills of Vermont, Judah Porteous Sherbrooke, some seventy-odd-years-old and worth several hundred thousand dollars, is dying. Self-centered but lonely, like so many people in Nicholas Delbanco's novels, he is grudgingly relinquishing his hold on something. In this case, it is on youth and life itself.

Judah is concerned with—in fact, possessed by—possession. Delbanco explores the theme in all its forms, as though using a conceit from the puritan poetry this book so often evokes. Judah wants to regain his power over his much younger wife, Maggie, who left him seven years before. Luring her back to the farm, Judah enacts a ritual of sexual, financial, and psychic possession, leaving her—in a harrowing climactic scene—literally and figuratively dispossessed.

Delbanco cultivates an intensely tribal atmosphere, rife with biblical connotations. In a departure from the playful language and literary allusions in much of his earlier writing, everything here is reduced to the physical, sometimes too exclusively. But inevitably, the immaterial wins out: Delbanco dissolves the idea of material inheritance into a web of generations and regeneration. He charts a superbly New England landscape of punishment and reckoning, of wrongs never forgotten and rights never perfect enough. Some of his former rich allusiveness and mannered word games might have been welcome here—his style in *Possession* is as stern as a November afternoon in Vermont—but he manages for the most part to replace them with a roughhewn poetry. This is an ascetic pastoral, but a pastoral nonetheless; a premeditated, oddly lyrical encounter with nature and death. —CELIA BETSKY

East Wind, Rain
by N. Richard Nash
Atheneum, 371 pp., $9.95

Nash can write—his play *The Rainmaker* testifies to that—but in transiting from drama to novel he seems to have lost his craft. And it's a shame, since *East Wind, Rain* could have been salvaged. Nash seems aware of this, for every so often he intrudes upon his garish tale of intrigue, violence, and passion—set at the Pearl Harbor naval base in late November 1941—with some trenchant observations on the distinctions between the Oriental and Occidental attitudes toward war, death, love, and honor. He paces action and conflict suspensefully; and his descriptions of the Hawaiian Islands, erotic in their savage fecundity, can be quite absorbing.

But, really: "She was . . . worn, a bit, but more exciting, more sensual, fuller of breast, more lush of mouth." That's naval intelligence commander Tad Clarke favorably comparing his mother-in-law—fresh from slitting a boar's throat at a hunt (graphically described)—with his wife. The novel takes off from there: castration, seppuku, licit and illicit sex—all are related in florid prose and accompanied by endless autopsychoanalysis by the characters. In the center of all this is one Kano Tokan, the quintessential inscrutable Oriental, who may or may not trigger Japan's war operations with the code words that give the book its title. Be that as it may, it's the only time I've ever cheered the Pearl Harbor attack; at least it brought Nash's silliness to an end. —CAREY HORWITZ

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

A Broth of Poets

John Montague is a fine poet from Northern Ireland, from whence come many of the best poets, and he's just edited *The Book of Irish Verse* (Macmillan, $12.95). The poems run from the sixth century to the works of poets born in 1951, with translations by such worthies as Brendan Behan, Frank O'Connor, and the editor himself. And note the universality: there's a thirteenth-century translation of a poem titled "The Snoring Bedmate." As one who has himself published an anthology of Irish poetry, I have no quarrel with Mr. Montague's selections, except to query why Robinson Jeffers is included. Or Robert Graves, who had a dash of Irish blood, but more of Welsh—and still more of English. Still, it's a fine broth of a book, with a solid, adventurous pick of Yeats, and of the poet generally considered to be his runner-up, Patrick Kavanagh, whose "Epic" is a favorite of mine:

I have lived in important places, times
When great events were decided, who
owned
That half a rood of rock, a no-man's land
Surrounded by our pitchfork-armed
claims.
I heard the Duffys shouting "Damn
your soul"
And old McCabe stripped to the waist,
seen
Step the plot defying blue cast-steel—
"Here is the march along these iron
stones"
That was the year of the Munich bother.
Which
Was more important? I inclined
To lose my faith in Ballyrush and Gortin
Till Homer's ghost came whispering
to my mind
He said: I made the Iliad from such
A local row. Gods make their own
importance.

New Milieu

If you want your son to go into the Foreign Service, don't give him a copy of *FSO-1*, by Harris Greene (Doubleday, March 11, $6.95). This, Mr. Greene's fifth novel and the first I've read, is a well-wrought tale of a career Foreign Service officer who is about to be given an ambassadorial post, when up comes a wind of scandal about him (True? Untrue? Aha! Read and find out) that throws a wrench in the works. Intelligent writing, a strong plot, and a new milieu. What more to ask? Here's a typical reverie:

Bureaucracies are quick to perceive when one of their own has slipped and fallen. The reaction varies. One or two bold ones will step up to determine how badly hurt the victim is. If he is unable to rise, a few pointed shoes will reach out to kick; others will step carefully over the body. But, for the most part, when a peer falls, the instinctive action is to avoid him. Who can tell: perhaps the defect is contagious, infectious? And by approaching the fallen, one can be identified as friend or ally. This is not desirable or practical. Best give the fallen one wide berth until his condition and his future are determined. As for the rare samaritan who rushes to aid the fallen, he has swapped his survival instinct for something else and is prepared to sacrifice himself for whatever rashly compassionate act he may perform, for clearly, ambition has lost its sweetness for him.

Under and Over

The one publication that any person devoted to books *has* to read is London's *Times Literary Supplement*, generally known as the *TLS*. This great journal has just had its seventy-fifth anniversary, and one of the celebratory features was a quiz in which 44 writers, scholars, and artists (Lowell, Betjeman, Galbraith, Stockhausen, Isherwood, etc.) were asked who they thought were the most overrated and underrated writers of the past 75 years. Who comes out worst? Gide, Malraux, Forster, Toynbee, and Tolkien. I go along (not that I've read the whole corpus of any of them). And who's been underrated? There's no ganging up here; there are pleas for Henri Michaux, James Hanley, Jack Yeats (the brother), Maurice Baring, and John Cowper Powys. D. J. Enright pulls a neat ploy in claiming that Franz Werfel's *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* is underrated and Franz Werfel's *The Song of Bernadette* is overrated. Bob Dylan claims that the Bible is both underrated and overrated. Nabokov, always the outsider, picks an obscure novel by H. G. Wells, *The Passionate Friends*, as underrated. What would I say? Both the fiction and the poetry of Lawrence Durrell have been vastly overrated; and the work of Ford Madox Ford, vastly underrated—particularly his great tetralogy, *Parade's End*. What does anybody else think?

A Trillin Lark

Calvin Trillin, *The New Yorker*'s peripatetic (no, no, I didn't say "very pathetic") reporter is showing up with a first novel, *Runestruck*. (Little, Brown, March 8, $7.95), and a lark it is. The tale revolves around a rune stone found off a Maine village by a clod of a clammer. When interpreted, the stone—real or fake?—shows that Berryville is really Vinland, and off we go! Trillin has a good time poking fun at small-town hypocrisy and greed, and we're happy to be with him on the ride. Here's an exchange that will give you some idea of his deviltry:

"He became a statistician for a social scientist who believed that the class of a club or a neighborhood in the United States could be placed precisely by taking waist and thigh measurements of the women between the ages of thirty-five to forty-five. The theory, of course, was that interest in personal appearance and opportunities to exercise and knowledge of healthy and slenderizing diets increased with class, so that class could be measured exactly in inverse proportion to the average waist and thigh measurements."

"How interesting," Sprigg said. "What were the results of the study, Mr. Jones?"

"Unfortunately, they were never compiled," Jones said. "It turned out that what interested the social scientist was not the results but the opportunity to measure thighs. Waists held no particular interest for him. There was a small scandal, which does not, of course, invalidate the theory." ◉

Wit Twister No. 92

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 62.

Defeat, like sour — — — —
— — fruits, can place

A sudden — — — — — — on
the blandest face.

Thus — — — — — —, stunned
by Hoover's losses, gaped

As urbanites and — — — —
— — voters japed.

A. S.

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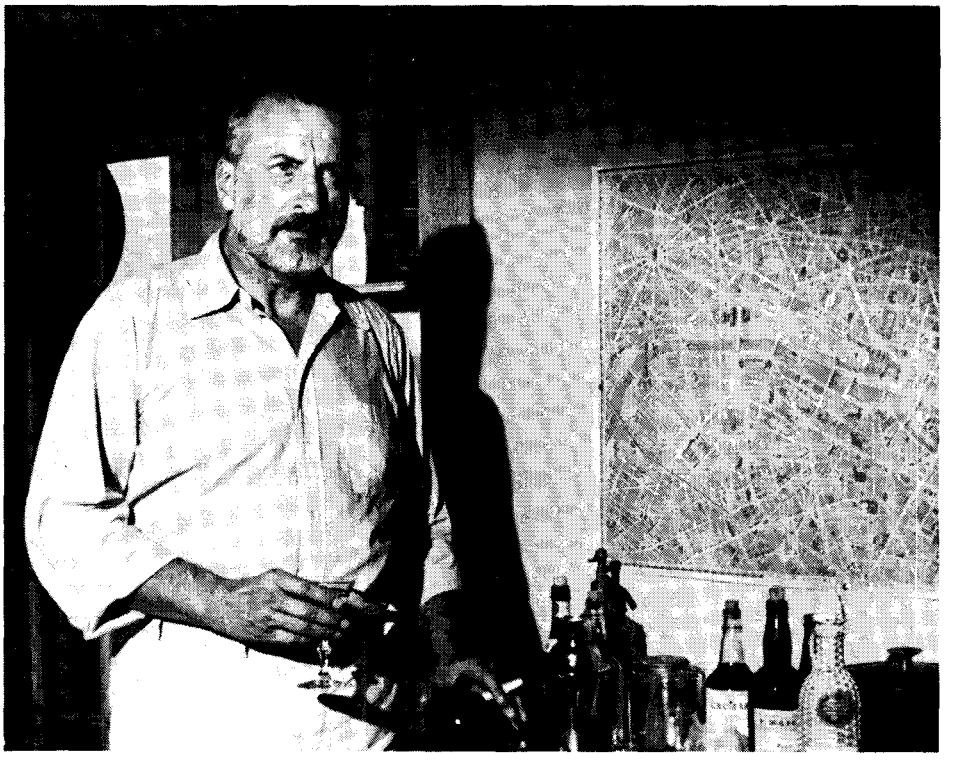
A Precious Burst of Hemingway

by Judith Crist

THE quintessential—perhaps the ultimate—Ernest Hemingway has come to the screen at last in *Islands in the Stream*, the fourteenth film based on a Hemingway work, the first since the 1964 remake of *The Killers*. It is a novelistic film, a carefully detailed adventure story that becomes, in effect, a summation of the personal and public character of both the writer and his work.

The screenplay, by Denne Bart Petitclerc, a journalist and friend of Hemingway, is based on a novel begun in the late Forties, when Hemingway was living in Cuba. Reportedly because of the pain of his autobiographical involvement therein, Hemingway laid the work aside, extracting from it, however, the novella *The Old Man and the Sea*, which won him a Pulitzer Prize in 1952. The novel was published in 1970, eight years after his death, revitalizing and enhancing his literary reputation. Certainly the pain is clear in this account of an artist in middle age coming to terms with his life's relationships; that the realities of these relationships achieve a lyric beauty and universal truth is a tribute to the filmmakers' courage. Very simply, they have had the courage to take the time to present to us their protagonist, to offer us his preoccupations and his associations, to let us know him in a variety of relationships and thereby involve us. And that is a rare and precious offering—and a risky one—in these days of rootless heroes and born-on-the-half-shell heroines.

Set in the Bahamas in 1940, with the European war already literally encroaching on the horizon, the three-part story is of Thomas Hudson, a twice-divorced sculptor who has chosen a loner's life on Bimini, his expatriate past in Paris put aside for routines of work, fishing, and an occasional carouse. The first part, "The Boys," deals with a summer-vacation visit from his three sons, the seventeen-year-old from his first and meaningful marriage, the fourteen- and ten-year-old both from the second. It is a time of experience,



Scott in Islands in the Stream—*"A sensitivity that cannot be denied."*

of sports, of exploration of dependencies and character, and of discovery of love. In the second part, "The Woman," months later, Hudson is visited by his first wife, who comes ostensibly to tell him of her impending marriage. Theirs is an encounter that probes the togetherness and separateness of lovers, of husband and wife, of parents. And finally, with her imparting news of tragedy, in "The Journey" Hudson breaks his isolation, unable to continue as a loner. He sails home to the States in order to be with his sons, but is diverted en route and drawn into the mainstream of the war.

George C. Scott, crew-cut and bearded to bear striking resemblance to Hemingway, gives one of the finest of his fine performances as the superficially macho man unconscious of the depths of his relationships, but ready to deal honestly with them as they surface. There is a constant awareness of others, a sensitivity that cannot be denied; he offers a decency that makes a mockery of heroics, retaining that appreciation of the elementals that was Hemingway's hallmark. His crew of buddies are familiar Hemingway characters: David Hemmings as the rummy; Julius Harris as the silent, strong man; Richard Evans as the moral support; all men of affection and of strength for the crisis. The women, too—Claire Bloom, the cool and understanding "lady"; Susan Tyrrell, the stalwart strumpet—are familiar creations. Under Franklin J. Schaffner's leisurely but disciplined direction, however, each achieves a distinctive personality; each becomes meaningful in Hudson's emergence into a community of feeling. We are saturated in relationships—the three boys are the primary and irresistible focus—and are bound into the "truths" that Hudson recognizes. And if the final moments of recognition are overdrawn, with sentiment stretching into sentimental-

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ity, it is somehow forgivable, a minor indulgence after the major sharing of honest emotions.

THERE is indulgence in *Welcome to L.A.*, and it, too, can be forgiven, because this first film by Alan Rudolph is so filled with promise so largely fulfilled. Its major fascination is that Rudolph, as writer-director, and Richard Baskin, who provided the music and songs, have come up with so perceptive a probe of the female psyche in the course of their exploration of encounters between ten people during the ersatz Christmas season typical of Los Angeles. The interlocking relationships are, of course, a mini-*Nashville*, and not surprisingly, since Robert Altman produced the film and both young men have been his associates: Rudolph as an assistant director on his *The Long Goodbye*, *Nashville*, and *California Split*, coauthor of the screenplay for his *Buffalo Bill and the Indians*, and screenwriter of his forthcoming *Breakfast of Champions*; and Baskin as musical director and composer on *Nashville* and *Buffalo Bill*. There's the link, too, of a cast with many Altman alumni.

But the work itself is very much their own, an exploration of the search for love, the futility of seeking more than physical contacts, the abiding loneliness of the seekers. Baskin's album, *City of the One Night Stands*, provides the framework for Rudolph's script, much in the fashion of *O Lucky Man!* Keith Carradine portrays the composer of the suite, brought home for Christmas by his wealthy dairyman father on the pretext of having a "star" record it (Baskin, as an "in" joke, plays the star). The city and its one-night standees are seen largely through Carradine's eyes and encounters, as the young man fails to establish any lasting communication with either his father or the women who come his way.

Once again, as in *Nashville*, it's the initially unavailable woman who intrigues him: Geraldine Chaplin, a housewife who perceives the deceptions of love and retreats into Camille-like fantasies. Sally Kellerman is on hand, too, as a housewife filling the sterility of her life with real estate deals and voracious beddings. She is joined by Lauren Hutton, the father's mistress who uses photography for fulfillment; Viveca Lindfors, a too knowing agent with too much self-awareness; Sissy Spacek, a topless housekeeper losing her amateur standing as bedmate.

Nor are the men more fulfilled: Denver Pyle, as Carradine's father, can offer his son no more than a handshake and an inheritance; Harvey Keitel, Chaplin's husband, can deal only with business and bought romance; John Considine, Kellerman's husband, can use women only as a proving ground. With Baskin, the self-centered star rasping out the heartbreak songs in the recording studio, as their focus, they stretch and strain their surface affections and remain solitaries.

There is a rhythm and style to Rudolph's work; he closes in on his city and his people; all is interior; there are no freeways for the pathetically empty lives he has chosen to explore. Look at them coldly and they repel. But offer a shred of compassion and they offer a heart-touching catalog of the lost and the lonely in our crowded lives.

A second Altman production, *The Late Show*, is a tightly structured, over-plotted pastiche in the Hammett–Chandler private-eye tradition—but not one, alas, in a class with Altman's *The Long Goodbye*. Written and directed by Robert Benton, long teamed as a writer with David Newman (*Bonnie and Clyde*, *There Was a Crooked Man*, *What's Up, Doc?*, *Bad Company*), it's the story of an aging detective out to solve his partner's murder and teamed up in the process and in spite of himself with a very kooky young woman. Art Carney is the detective and you are thereby guaranteed the total pleasure of his company as an ailing, irascible, decent, courageous, literal-minded man of no mean intelligence. The very kooky young woman is Lily Tomlin and you are thereby guaranteed some intermittent pleasures—made so by a feeling of "shtick" rather than total character portrait—in her depiction of a multicostumed "truly involved person," part dress designer, part petty crook, part agent, part entertainer, would-be Nora in a "Nora & Nick" romanticizing of the team.

Benton has managed to encompass most of the plot clichés of the Spade-Marlowe-Archer action—from the dying partner to the super-rich fence to the gunsel (John Considine quite wonderful) to the crooked friend (Bill Macy doing quite well out of *Maude*'s orbit) to the faithless wife—replete with blackmail and triple crosses and the inescapable madcap car chase. But his direction, as noted in *Bad Company*, with which he made his directorial debut in 1972, is as uneven in tone as his script is in mood, with the spoofery wiped away in the stark realism of human suffering (especially by Carney, who engages our caring from the start) and the fun and games constantly interrupted by violent, blood-soaked fatalities and mayhem. It would be valuable to present-day moviemakers, so intent on homage to masters of the genre, to take a blood count of the classics and see the superb restraint and power of suggestion that were used. It is a tribute to Carney that his performance emerges unsplattered.

ROBERT ALDRICH'S *Twilight's Last Gleaming*, based on Walter Wager's novel, *Viper Three*, is, at the very least, a conscientious and sincere statement on the Vietnam War. Beyond that, it's a feast for paranoids, what with Burt Lancaster, a general framed on a murder charge because of his opposition to the war, escaped (somehow) from prison with three other condemned men and holed up in a missile silo, threatening to release nine Titan missiles unless the President gives him $10 million "in small denominations," trans-

Carradine in Welcome to L.A.—*"The lost and the lonely."*

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port to a foreign country aboard Air Force One with the President along as hostage, and a promise to "tell the truth" to the nation about our involvement in Vietnam. Charles Durning is the populist President; Richard Widmark is the commander of the Strategic Air Command out to stop Lancaster; Melvyn Douglas is Secretary of State; and Paul Winfield and Burt Young are Lancaster's surviving cohorts. They're all very good, right down to keeping straight faces when faced by the mind-and-denture-boggling dialogue provided by the Ronald M. Cohen–Edward Huebsch screenplay. The missile-base hardware is equally complicated. And if you're in a mood to swallow it in all its split-screen foolishness, welcome to it.

If your pretentious-nonsense threshold is that low, you might even swallow *The Sentinel*, based by Jeffrey Konvitz on his own novel, with the collaboration of the director, Michael Winner. Never a dull director (vide *The Jokers* or *Death Wish*), he's done in by the script. This one offers the notion that the Catholic Church installs unsuccessful suicides as sentinels—locally, in an old house in Brooklyn—to guard the exit from hell. Cristina Raines is a cover girl who gets so installed. Honest.

And if you can stand any more, there's a three-hour, $20 million spectacular produced and directed by one Moustapha Akkad called *Mohammad, Messenger of God*, which tells tediously of the life and times of Mohammad [sic]. Since he cannot be portrayed, actors talk into the camera at him, which is disconcerting for the audience. There are thousands of extras on hand, with Anthony Quinn as a warrior on Mohammad's side and Irene Papas as an anti-Mohammad termagant. A couple of ferocious battles break up the discussions of sharing one's wealth and treating women as "different but equal." Neither ideal seems to be in effect in most Islamic countries today. ◉

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 118

VIRGINIA (SPENCER) CARR: *THE LONELY HUNTER*

Decrying the fact that she had no training in anything worthwhile except music, Carson set about to prove how inept she could be on a job. She rarely lasted until the end of a regular pay period. Instead, she took pride in her record of never having resigned from a position; she was always fired.

Artsletter

by Roland Gelatt

When the Metropolitan Opera's gold curtain rises as usual a few minutes past eight o'clock on Tuesday, March 15, some four to six million people will be watching. The performance that evening—of Puccini's *La Bohème*, with Renata Scotto as Mimi and Luciano Pavarotti as Rodolfo—is going out "live" over at least 220 stations of the Public Broadcasting Service. Four to six million viewers may seem like small potatoes compared to the record-setting 80 million who watched the final episode of *Roots* several weeks ago, but on any other scale of comparison it's a pretty impressive figure. For example, if you add up all the operagoers who have attended *La Bohème* at the Met since it was first given in the old house on December 26, 1900, the total comes to just about 1.5 million. It took 537 performances to reach that total. The 538th performance could quadruple it in one night.

A sense of perspective warns us that viewers by the million do not necessarily correlate with artistic excellence. Bach composed masterpieces for a few hundred Leipzig parishioners. But at a time when the Metropolitan Opera is in urgent need of public funding, the telecast of *La Bohème* assumes special significance. By reaching into the American heartland via television, the Met hopes to advance its claim that it is a national institution, as worthy of national support as the Library of Congress or Yellowstone Park.

Although the telecast on March 15 represents a milestone in terms of reach and technique, it is not the first performance to be televised live from the stage of the Met. That distinction goes back to an opening-night *Otello* in 1948. Graybeards remember it (and two subsequent opening-night telecasts in 1949 and 1950) as being rather dim and distant on the tube, as well as disruptive to those watching the abnormally floodlit performance in the house. A 1952 *Carmen* was shown, in color, on closed-circuit theater television. Thereafter, nothing much happened until the Met moved to Lincoln Center,

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"La Bohème" by the Million

when NHK (Japan Broadcasting Corporation) sent over cameras and crew to videotape a 1968 performance of *The Barber of Seville*. Results were below expectations, and the program never went on the air.

Three years after that abortive experiment, the first "live from Lincoln Center" television pickup went out from the New York State Theater—a performance by the New York City Opera of Rimsky's *Coq d'Or*, on November 9, 1971, with Beverly Sills and Norman Treigle heading the cast. It was carried by cable to paying subscribers in the Manhattan area. Although only 16 percent of the 80,000 or so subscribers tuned in, what they saw was—according to *The New York Times*—"surprisingly good." Looking a bit warily to the future, the *Times*'s John J. O'Connor termed the live pickup "a breakthrough of possibly significant proportions."

It seemed significant enough to persuade the Lincoln Center board to set up a media development department, charged with responsibility for putting all of the center's constituents on the TV map. To direct this operation, they hired the City Opera's administrative coordinator, a young man named John Goberman, who had singlehandedly brought off the *Coq d'Or* cablecast. Goberman comes from a musical family (record collectors of a certain age will remember his father, the late Max Goberman, as a pioneering conductor of early Haydn), and he had started his career as a professional cellist before switching to the business side of music.

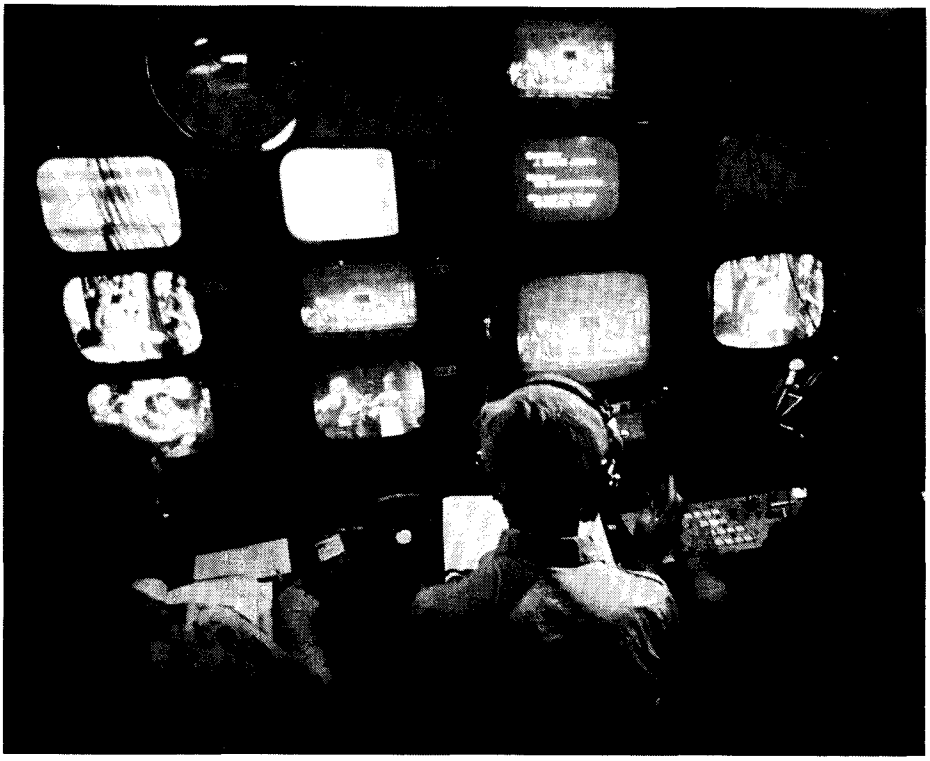
For three years, Goberman and his staff labored behind the scenes. With a passel of government, corporate, and foundation grants to foot the bills, they began making experimental tapes of concert, opera, and ballet performances in the various Lincoln Center houses. It was a time of trial and error, of testing new equipment and developing new techniques. They had some high-powered hardware to work with—image-intensified color TV cameras that could cope with low-level stage lighting, and ultra-long-focal-length lenses that could zoom in on a pianist's fingers from a vantage point far off in the balcony—but the real breakthrough, Goberman insists, wasn't so much in the equipment per se as in learning how to use it to best advantage. Attention was directed to sound as well as sight. Being a musician, Goberman knew that the audio component of a televised performance was just as important as the video. This meant finding a way to circumvent the narrow-range capabilities of TV transmitters and the equally narrow-range speakers in TV sets.

Lincoln Center's television department finally went public on January 30 last year, when a New York Philharmonic concert—with André Previn conducting and Van Cliburn as soloist—went out live from Avery Fisher Hall. PBS stations in 202 cities carried the telecast and FM radio stations in 14 cities simultaneously broadcast the concert in stereo. Since then there have been more live concerts, two operas (*The Ballad of Baby Doe* and *The Barber*, both from the City Opera), and a ballet. And now the Met.

UNLIKE the previous live pickups from Avery Fisher Hall and the New York State Theater, which were produced by Lincoln Center and underwritten by Exxon, the *Bohème* on March 15 is being produced by the Metropolitan Opera and underwritten by Texaco. (Goberman and his crew, including TV director Kirk Browning, will continue to handle the technical details.) Texaco, of course, is the longtime sponsor of the Met's Saturday afternoon radio broadcasts, but this is the company's first venture into public television. It's not a cheap initiation. A grant of $200,000 will cover payments to performers and stagehands, as well as fees for the TV equipment and crew, and still leave a reasonable emolument for the Met's needful coffers. In addition, Texaco will spend about $25,000 for the FM simulcast hookup (about 50 stations) and another $50,000 to promote and advertise the event. Texaco's total expenditure of $275,000 is about twice that for an average Metropolitan radio broadcast.

Why a live performance, with all its inherent hazards, instead of a controlled studio production? Goberman has a ready reply. "Transmission of the live moment is the essence of television. If it works for football, it will work for opera. Of course we're taking risks—but those very risks confer a unique immediacy." The Met people aren't quite so committed to the "live" philosophy. They want to assess the March 15 results before deciding on the next step.

That there will be a next step, however, is not in question. Both Texaco and the Met intend to make continued use of television, convinced that it will bring a new audience to opera and ultimately foster new sources of support. Let's hope they're right. ◉



Susanne Faulkner Stevens

Kirk Browning and crew at control panel—" 'A unique immediacy.' "

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Dance

Twentieth Century Ballet: Transatlantique

by Walter Terry

Brussels

MAURICE BEJART, with his piercing eyes, black forked beard, and satanic smile, looked to me like a reincarnation (or perhaps recurrence) of Mephistopheles. He was sprawled on a stack of cushions (he has no chairs, except in his kitchen) in his three-century-old double garret (it spans two buildings) in ancient Brussels. He was telling me that he would indeed play the role of Mephistopheles, in his two-act ballet version of *Faust*, when his enormously popular (in Europe) and controversial (in America) Ballet of the 20th Century comes to the Uris Theater in New York, from March 22 to April 3.

Béjart, Violette Verdy (the French-born and American-based ballerina, newly appointed director of the Paris Opéra Ballet), and I had just returned from a performance by Béjart's company at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie. He had invited us out for supper, but had stopped on an impulse at his fishmonger's stall across from his flat and ordered five dozen oysters, to be delivered opened and nestled in seaweed. With supplements of wine, bread, and cheese, we settled down to a discussion of Verdy's new post—"Forget tradition, Violette," Béjart said, "tradition is nothing but dust to be swept away"—and to an enthusiastic report on what Béjart would bring to New York.

Two major dance-dramas, both conceived and choreographed by himself, and two non-narrative ballets, choreographed by two young Americans, Lar Lubovitch and Robert Weiss, were foremost in his thoughts. His *Le Molière Imaginaire*, which he describes as "a deep mixture of dancing and acting," will not come to the Uris this trip, but his *Faust* will introduce New Yorkers, on March 29, to a full-length theater work of operatic proportions, so massive that an entire workday is required to mount the scenery for a performance. New York audiences will also see Béjart himself onstage for the first time, for on earlier American tours the director-choreographer did not perform. In this *Notre Faust*, as he has titled his version of the Faust tale, he will not only be Mephistopheles but also the old Faust figure (a young dancer plays the rejuvenated hero), and he will speak his lines in French.

Béjart was equally excited about the first ballets he had commissioned from American choreographers. The intense blue eyes twinkled as Mlle. Verdy and I told him how delighted and excited we were with these new ballets, which we had seen a few hours before. Verdy, a ballerina of the New York City Ballet from 1958 until her

Maurice Béjart (right) and a scene from his ballet I Trionfi— *" 'Tradition is nothing but dust to be swept away.' "*

Norma McLain Stoop

Herbert Migdoll

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new appointment at the Opéra, had come up from Paris especially to see her young colleague from the City Ballet, Robert Weiss, in his Brussels choreographic debut; but she joined me in cheering the remarkable new work by Lubovitch as well.

Lubovitch, trained in both classical ballet and modern dance and presently head of his own modern dance group, has created for the Béjart troupe a ballet titled *Marimba* (subtitled *A Trance Dance*), with a score by Steve Reich (for mallets, voices, and organ) enlisting the services of ten coequal dancers (no principals). It was instantly apparent to audience and visitors that here indeed was a major work in modern dance form.

The music of *Marimba* made me think of gamelans, and I wondered more than once whether the Balinese, if they could see this ballet, would not view it as the purest distillation of their ancient ceremonial trance dances—just as Martha Graham's *Frontier* is a distillation of every threshold ever crossed by anyone; and her *Lamentation*, the essence of anguish. In *Marimba*, both dancing and music are hypnotic. The ten dancers move as a unit or in a multiplicity of subdivisions, with each pattern repeated until the viewer is nearly mesmerized. Then, without a break, the design flows into a new pattern. The pattern may be locomotor (traveling), or it may be held to a place onstage, or it may be gestural, but it is ceaseless while it is evolutionary. The mesmeric effects are by no means monotonous, for there are marvelous movement surprises that in the very act of startling the viewer also make him say, "Unexpected but how inevitable! How logical! How . . . well . . . gorgeous!"

My reference to Balinese trance dances does not mean that the piece is at any time pseudo-Indonesian. Quite the contrary. Setting, dress, and movement-style are neutral, universal. Some of the movement designs may even suggest games such as snap-the-whip or follow-the-leader. Perhaps you who go to the Uris will see an oh-so-subtle spin-off on the Hustle; and surely you will note distillations of such moods as the anticipatory or the contemplative (Rodin's "The Thinker" makes a brief appearance), as well as all manner of gestural eloquences, held together by sentences of ceaseless, seamless, rhythmic movement.

Robert Weiss's *Leitmotiv*, with a score by Craig Steven Schuler, is not the ballet blockbuster that the Lubovitch creation is. It is a pleasant, often very lovely and lively neoclassical ballet in that genre of music-visualization ballets so identified with young Weiss's ballet master and mentor, the great George Balanchine. Weiss, however, is not a slavish imitator. The Balanchine influence is discernible, but the Weiss talent is very decidedly original. He uses his dancers as people rather than as instruments, as Balanchine is wont to do, and he infuses almost every movement with human warmth and a gentle flush of romanticism. The ballet aficionado could say that steps here and there were Balanchinesque, but not so the group patterns, which were inventive without being contrived, imaginative without seeming desperate for novelty.

Dupont W.

Jorge Donn in Notre Faust—*"A work of operatic proportions."*

THE dancers of Béjart's Ballet of the 20th Century, superbly disciplined and bursting with vitality, did full justice to the Weiss choreographic style, and honor to the Lubovitch masterwork. But the versatility of Béjart's artists will hardly come as a surprise to those in this country who have seen them perform at the Brooklyn Academy of Music (where the company made its American bow six years ago), the City Center, Madison Square Garden, Carnegie Hall, or on their U. S. national tours. Béjart, as a choreographer, demands versatility and advanced physical prowess from his dancers. These characteristics will be seen, savored, and appraised by New Yorkers when the 80-member Brussels-based company performs a special tour repertory highlighting the talents of the two young Americans, as well as the enormously theatrical, tempestuous, searching, and surging choreographic expressions of a man who, onstage, plays both Mephistopheles and Faust and, offstage, also plays a dual role: that of the undisputed boss of Le Ballet du XXe Siècle, and that of an undisputed major force in the ballet of the twentieth century . . . anywhere. ◉

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Theater

Two Playwrights, Otherwise Obsessed

by Gordon Rogoff

In Simon Gray's *Otherwise Engaged*, currently at the Plymouth Theatre on Broadway, the protagonist, Simon Hench (Tom Courtenay), is visited in succession by six people who not only stand in the way of his plan to listen to a new recording of Wagner's *Parsifal*, but who proceed to pummel him with insults. Simon earns the intrusions by wanting to be alone, and he earns the insults—whether from his tenant, his brother, his friend, his friend's latest lover, his own one-night-stand lover, or his wife—by not really giving a damn about them *or* their insults. He can give what he gets, though his insults are contained as much in his silences as in his words. Simon gets far and away the best of his playwright-namesake's wit. He also gets the best of Gray's feeling. The intruders report troubles, while Simon reveals pain. In short, Simon Gray gives Simon Hench advantage and game. Strange, then, that he doesn't really give him a play.

Instead, he gives him a well-oiled machine, a tidy arrangement of intrusions and insults that make their entrances and exits not from the mouths of people or the doors of rooms, but from the keys of a typewriter. If there is nothing startling about that, it is because most writers manage to conceal their little secret by allowing characters the illusion of choice. Gray dispels the illusion by so clearly reserving all the choices for himself. His leading character's leading characteristic gives the secret away. Hench is a man who wants to control his life as written by a man who wants to control Hench.

When Gray tires of an intruder's reminiscences or jokes, the intruder announces the name, and therefore the probable arrival, of the next intruder. "Did I ever tell you about Davina?" asks Simon's journalist friend Jeff, and sure enough, Davina rings the bell. The program informs us that the only character still to come in the second act will be Simon's wife, Beth, who is supposedly away on a job that afternoon. Gray can't resist announcing her entrance, too. Simon's brother, Stephen, informs Simon that Beth has been having an affair with Ned. Exit Stephen, enter Beth. That Ned never gets *his* entrance is because Beth's exit is the signal for Jeff's return, the two male friends alone at the final curtain, at last listening to Solti's Wagner.

The play buried under the avalanche of insults, entrances, and exits is the one about Simon and Jeff. Simon is remembered as the sexy little boy who slept with all the handsome older boys in his classy school. Jeff, in his turn, tells Simon, "I detest women, love men, and loathe queers." And it is these two cozy friends who share the ending with Wagner. If Jeff's statement means anything, it is that these two men, left alone and untroubled by the military maneuvers of their playwright, could really build a play. Simon tells Beth that "the worst thing to do about an important problem is to discuss it," which is precisely what Gray has them do.

Tom Courtenay almost rescues Hench from Gray's iron pen. He stops time long enough for a phrase to seem like *his* invention, not something planned relentlessly in advance, but something moved into speech by the actor's thought. Everything he does is vivid, plain, and exact. Who wouldn't wish to be otherwise engaged when faced with all those demanding, self-absorbed, hostile intruders? Hell *is* other people. And other actors. Courtenay is a marvelous intruder into Gray's unexamined world, but he would be better engaged in the plays by Kleist and Edward Bond that he did recently in England—or in the play that Gray has yet to write.

Tom Courtenay as Simon Hench—"Vivid, plain, and exact."

A playwright's control over his material is widely viewed as a virtue, alas, and nowhere more so than in England. David Rudkin's *Ashes*, also from England, produced in New York in December at the Manhattan Theater Club and now moved to Joseph Papp's Public Theatre, is less crafty than Gray's work, while no less ruled by rules that give the characters little time or space for detours. This isn't playwriting, it's map making. The problem is stated: Colin and Anne can't make babies. The problem is developed: Colin and Anne try harder, get clinical advice, and make it as far as the miscarriage, where Anne loses her womb. The problem moves predictably to Colin and Anne

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registering for adoption. They can't win that one, either, and they don't. But before the final meditations—"If we do not change, tomorrow has no place for us"—Colin does take a detour to Belfast, from where he returns with a message that speciously links his and Anne's troubles to Ireland's. The route is denser than Gray's, the map itself more bloody. Rudkin's feelings want to overflow the play's boundaries, but he can't let them make the crossing: he's too fixed on fine writing.

It is the fine writing that almost sinks the play, not least such lines as the moral uplift quoted above. Worse are the long, meditative passages, especially Colin's, where Anne is either offstage, or onstage and ignored. Rudkin keeps rubbing his Dylan Thomas bottle, but the genie never really jumps out to show him the difference between felt experience and fake poetry. "Suburban bellies bloated with the booty of the bed" would not have surprised me coming from the mouth of a certain disgraced Vice-President; but from an earnest, obviously intelligent dramatist, I expect some editorial grace.

Lynne Meadow has made smart directorial choices, facing the fake and the real with equal determination, taking the play at its clinical word. If the words are clotted, at least her stage is bare, her lights uncolored, and her own sense of economy intact. She could have used some Courtenays, actors more in touch with thought; willing to punctuate, phrase, and breathe, and, while so doing, to discover the density of the disaster rather than only its opaque, borrowed wisdom.

I HAVE omitted one startling coincidence. Rudkin's Colin, like Gray's Simon, was also a practicing homosexual before his marriage. Rudkin lets Anne comment that what is unorthodox about Colin's sexuality is that he acknowledges it. But the play itself is otherwise engaged; indeed, it is otherwise obsessed with going it alone. Anne sits silently in the driver's seat in one scene, while Colin talks about Colin. He tells her that "the strongest feeling in the world is to be left alone," which is unclear enough to seem to mean that his strongest feeling is that he, too, wants to be alone.

In these two plays, the women are erased, and the loathed queers appear only in the footnotes. If the likes of Colin or Simon ever met a self-possessed woman or a contented gay man, much of British playwriting might cease to rely so much on control, craft, and the artful dodging of both experience and imagination. ◉

Music to My Ears

Carmelites and Quakers; Gilels, Père et Fille

by Irving Kolodin

A FEW days more than twenty years after Francis Poulenc's *Dialogues of the Carmelites* had its premiere at La Scala in Milan (at the end of January 1957), it was finally awarded its long deserved place in the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera. Why the long delay? Primarily because the once and (for a long time) future general manager of the Metropolitan confided to this questioner—among others—that it was "boring."

For the audience that sat in rapt attention through that recent Saturday afternoon (and those who have joined it since in rapturous applause), Poulenc's work takes high rank among the best productions of opera seen in New York in recent times. Unexpectedly soon after what was pronounced in *SR* (March 5, 1977) to be the "prophecy of *Le Prophète*" John Dexter has, this time in collaboration with staff scenic designer David Reppa, moved to fulfill that forecast by setting in motion an open, uncluttered scheme of production that matches, in its flow and fluency, the flow and fluency of Poulenc's music.

The gold curtain goes up and down, but it stays out of the way most of the time. A sharply raked stage, in the form of a mammoth cross, gives the performers on it angles and attitudes rarely seen here in operatic productions, though familiar enough elsewhere. A series of flats that are economical in cost but rich in imagination descend and ascend as needed. Best of all, there are no wings to isolate or localize exits and entrances. This enables the ensemble of Carmelites to glide on- and offstage, in keeping with the fantasy as well as the fluency of the music.

And, for once in the use of a much abused term, this is truly an ensemble of stars. This is not merely because there are stars in the ensemble, but because every performer, from William Dooley (who

Norden and Ewing in The Carmelites—*"Truly an ensemble of stars."*

J. Heffernan

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does brilliantly in a cameo part at the outset as the father of Blanche de la Force) to Jean Kraft (a fine figure of a Mother Jeanne) matches in excellence the exacting playing of Régine Crespin, the Prioress who dies in terror, therefore in shame; Mignon Dunn, a powerful Mother Marie; and Shirley Verrett, back in the vocal form for which she has been acclaimed, as the new Prioress.

These are all able singers, and, as Dexter has demonstrated, they are capable of being accomplished actors and actresses when well directed. In the key role of Blanche de la Force, young Marie Ewing not only sang affectingly but evoked an ideal image of a young woman who fears life but finds the courage to die in martyrdom. Her markedly good sound was beautifully shaped to the score by Michel Plasson—admired last summer for his conducting in Aix-en-Provence—who made his Metropolitan debut. The glow Miss Ewing imparted to the emotionally ambivalent Blanche made her the central luminary in a veritable candelabrum of them.

By conventional standards, Poulenc's *Carmelites* is no more an opera than is Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*, which it parallels in method as well as in treating a greatly successful stage play. In my view, it embodies an even more difficult transformation. Debussy evoked a mystical musical image for an Allemonde that only Maurice Maeterlinck knew to exist. Poulenc's triumph is to merge the words of Georges Bernanos into a trinity of words, music, and inaction that relates the central trinity of Carmelites to the historic Reign of Terror (1790s) in a very real way.

First to be encountered is the Mother Superior, whose ignoble end plays a prime part in the actions of the two novices. Then there are the two novices: Constance (another perfect performance of such an "innocent" role by Betsy Norden), who believes that death should be "amusing" because, to her, life is (except when she chills at the prospect of martyrdom); and Blanche, whose gloom-fraught life is glorified by her confident stride to the scaffold with "Veni, Creator" on her lips.

It is, of course, a plus for opera that death can be confronted melodically, rather than merely being imagined that way. Poulenc, who was, by the time he wrote *Carmelites*, a wise and experienced creator as well as a gifted one, plans every preceding detail with an elegant, epicurean relish for that climax. Some details reward his planning and our attention better than others, and the consistency of tone for which he has striven may impress some as a monotone. But the many subtle variants of his motives, and the beautifully plastic bond of words and music, orchestral detail and vocal sound that he has evolved, give off reciprocal highlights from both sides of the footlights.

The excellent English text by Joseph Machlis was utilized, an option suitable to both audience and personnel. The usual consideration of clarity of enunciation intruded, as one performer's clear question encountered another's inaudible answer. However, the more one hears such efforts —or perhaps it should be said the more one strives to hear such efforts—the more apparent it becomes that good enunciation *begins* with a good vocal method. Why, otherwise, should singers of such assorted registers as William Dooley (low), Betsy Norden (very high), Jon Garrison (medium tenor), and Maria Ewing (*spinto* soprano) all have been consistently clear of syllable while others were not? For once, incidentally, this viewer saw the subject matter in the same light (the recently customary dark) as the staging of it.

FOR *A Quaker Reader*, first performed in Alice Tully Hall earlier in the same week, Ned Rorem had no such problem of language as did his avowed idol, Poulenc. The American composer resolved this aspect of his tribute to Alice Tully, generous donor of the hall, by composing it for the Theodore Kühn organ, whose construction she also underwrote. Eloquence was thereafter in the safe hands of Leonard Raver, among the best of younger American organists.

Rorem, born a Quaker, had the difficult task of evoking sentiments expressed relative to that faith (by such eminent individuals as John Greenleaf Whittier, William Penn, and Robert Barclay), since his gift is for sound and its commitment is to silence. This is a pretty paradox, which he resolved, for the most part, in prevailingly pretty-sounding paraphrases of the texts, varied here and there by heavy rumblings in the bass, which Raver attacked as confidently with his feet as he did their responses on the keyboards with his hands. As the sequence approached the terminal eleventh, the coloristic span of the writing tended to narrow, making the interpreter's problem all the wider.

Emil Gilels's first appearance in a series of Carnegie Hall evenings was an audience success before he came onstage to play a note. This was accounted for by the unannounced presence, in a box, of Arthur Rubinstein, who became the object of a spontaneous, standing tribute from an audience of piano lovers anxious to add their acclaim to that of many others on his ninetieth birthday. They were, knowingly or not, also celebrating a reunion of the great patriarch of the instrument with a younger master whose career he had blessed as long ago as 1935. On that occasion, Rubinstein was performing in the U.S.S.R. and, from a group of talented students he was asked to hear, singled out the red-haired teenager for special commendation.

In twenty years of performing in this country since 1955, when he initiated the "cultural exchange" between the U.S.S.R. and the U.S., Gilels has earned high esteem as a first-rate pianist, a serious artist, and a worthy representative of his country's great musical tradition. But the combination of qualifications has varied from occasion to occasion, even from part to part of the same occasion. This time he was all three only in the closing segments of a sequence devoted to the four Ballades of Brahms, the second *Hungarian Rhapsody* of Liszt, and the encores (beginning with Rachmaninoff's *Vocalise*). Earlier, especially in a curious sequence of three Beethoven sonatas (opus numbers 79, 81, and 90) and the C-major Toccata of Schumann, Gilels was more the first-rate pianist than the serious artist.

A few days before, Gilels was present in the Theresa L. Kaufmann Auditorium of the Ninety-second Street YMHA as a paternal participant in a recital by his daughter Elena. I do not envy any aspiring performer playing works of Prokofiev and Schumann under the scrutiny of an Emil Gilels. On the other hand, without her father's name it is unlikely that this hard-working, heavy-handed young lady would be outside the Soviet Union, least of all giving a recital in New York. Given the options, I suppose she will prefer to go on playing recitals in foreign countries, ever under her father's scrutiny. ◉

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Television

A Farewell Bouquet for Mary Tyler Moore

by Karl E. Meyer

I TAKE it as a rule that anything on television that appeals to everyone should be regarded with a certain suspicion. The wide net, as Confucius might have said, catches no big fish. Yet to every rule an exception may be allowed, and I make one for the *Mary Tyler Moore* show, which winds up a seven-season run on CBS with a final new production on Saturday, March 19, at 8:00 P.M. (EST).

Seven years is a long time to keep a good thing going on the tube, but Moore has managed it. Both lowbrows and highbrows have continued to be captivated by a program that verges on the adult, shows sparks of genuine wit, and contains—for all its production slickness—a gallery of certifiably human faces.

To invest the *Mary Tyler Moore* show with heavy meaning would be like sitting on a soufflé. The very essence of its appeal is its unpretentiousness, symbolized by the mewing kitten that substitutes for the MGM lion on the production logo. And yet the provincial Minneapolis television station that serves as the main setting for the show provides a parody in microcosm of the more pompous network world.

Ted Baxter, played with strutting perfection by Ted Knight, is the local anchorman—an inflated capon stuffed with words actually written by the anonymous, worried, earnest news editor, Murray Slaughter (Gavin MacLeod). As Sue Ann Nivens, Betty White catches the phoniness of so many toothy woman TV personalities whose charm is as cumulatively toxic as instant whipped cream. Finally, there is the solid figure of the news program's producer, Lou Grant (Edward Asner), presiding like a master sergeant in a kindergarten.

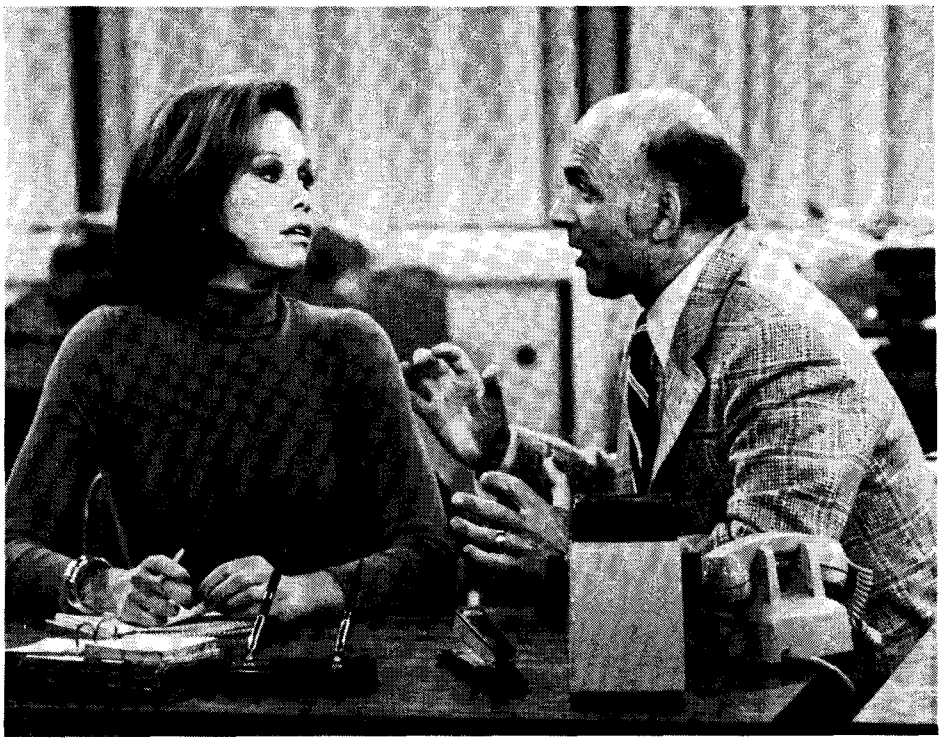
I suspect that the social anthropology that peeps through in the *Mary Tyler Moore* show is the result of hard-won experience. The program, though this is now difficult to believe, was nervously regarded by network executives as a daring innovation when it made its debut in September 1970. Though she had some respectable credits, Mary Tyler Moore was not a superstar, and her new show violated the sacred precepts of situation comedy.

To begin with, as Mary Richards, Moore was playing a single woman in her thirties. Worse than that, the heroine had affairs. And who (so it was thought) would watch a program set in drab and dowdy Minneapolis? Moreover, the program's creators and executive producers, James L. Brooks and Allan Burns, insisted on filming performances before a live audience, scorning the customary mechanical laugh track that puts the home viewer in the same kennel with Pavlov's dogs.

CBS almost killed the show when its initial ratings were low, but suddenly the program caught on. Mary Tyler Moore's judgment as creator was vindicated fully when two characters on the series—Rhoda and Phyllis—got spin-off shows of their own (set in New York and San Francisco) that gave a coast-to-coast franchise to moderately adult comedy. At the same time, Moore opened the way for Norman Lear, whose *All in the Family*, breaking still more taboos, premiered on CBS in 1971.

As a consequence, something like a wholesale change has occurred in network programming. Back in the 1950s, television comedy was devoid of any social content—it consisted chiefly of slapstick (Burns and Allen, Imogene Coca, Jackie Gleason, Wally Cox, et al.). When network programs took account of a real world, it was in the form of original dramas, which, however timidly, did deal with class and racial conflicts on such now defunct programs as the *Kraft Television Theater*, the *U.S. Steel Hour*, and *Studio One*.

Nowadays, the original drama has all but disappeared from network television, and in its place we have the police drama—there are currently 22 of them each week. If you add to police thrillers such "action" shows as *Wonder Woman*, you have the sum of regularly scheduled network dramatic productions. Without such comedy programs as the *Mary Tyler Moore* show, one could logically infer that the only thing that interests a mass audience is blood—and bang-bang. Perhaps Gary Gilmore did not die in vain: he told us something about our national obsession with violence, which enables the networks to turn gore into gold. ◉



Mary and Murray (Gavin MacLeod)—"A gallery of certifiably human faces."

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Booked for Travel

Swashbuckler in the Sky

by Horace Sutton

THE Concorde is a headache to everybody but Freddie Laker. He would like to operate the British version. Moreover, in his office—a small, uncarpeted room in a fifth-floor walk-up in the corner of a hangar at Gatwick, 27 miles outside London—he has chalked out a plan to turn a profit on Concorde and pay off the production cost in 11 years. All this without government subsidy.

Such a sally of pure bravado would seem to be pie in the skylanes if Frederick A. Laker hadn't proved his point so many times. Big, bold, and British, Laker has been hailed, or denounced, as the enfant terrible of air commerce, a maverick at worst and a merchant adventurer at best. He likes the merchant adventurer description bestowed upon him by the judge of a high court in England. "Sir Walter Raleigh was one," he glows. "A merchant adventurer in a sailing ship buying furs and spices and bringing them back to England."

Laker deals in people, not goods, ferrying them from England to someplace else, usually someplace away from the British winter. He uses airplanes. He revolutionized winter travel by giving a few extra turns to the old charter concept. Laker created the "time charter," which, now called advanced booking charters (the trade refers to it as "ABC"), is common in the industry. By inviting customers to book and pay for their flight in advance, Laker could offer the traveler low-cost fares and at the same time contract an airplane for a year at a time. He was bringing people out of their cold flats and depositing them in foreign sunny places; he was making possible the mini-holiday at believable prices; he was using airplanes when they were normally idle; and he was filling hotel beds that would otherwise have lain fallow until the daffodils showed.

Freddie Laker and Skytrain—"No credit cards, no half-fares, no no-shows, no food wasted, no surplus to throw out."

"The words 'charter' and 'schedule' were figments of imagination dreamed up by IATA," says Laker. IATA is an acronym for the International Air Transport Association, a consortium of nearly all the world's scheduled airlines. Only a few years ago, charter travel was virtually a pejorative term in industry parlance. It was a practice indulged in by nonscheduled (and by inference, less trustworthy) air carriers. Tickets were bought furtively in flyspecked offices and in corridors at air terminals.

"Having been rude and insulting to charterers," Laker says, "the airlines are now telling people this is the way to fly." On the transatlantic run, Laker is now selling advanced booking trips between his International Jet Center at Gatwick, a short train journey from London, at prices that vary from $269 to $370, round trip. For that he offers a guaranteed seat, meals, cinema, free drinks in flight, and a stay abroad that varies from 10 days to 13 weeks. Using DC-10s, he carried 50,000 more passengers in 1976 than he had ever forecast for his proposed and more ambitious project, Skytrain.

For that dream, Laker would use his 345-seat DC-10s, sending them across the Atlantic on a regularly scheduled basis at a flat fare of $135. Meals, drinks, films, and other frills would be available on a cash-and-carry basis. The airplane would fly at the same time every day, just like a train. There would be no credit cards, no checks, no half-fares, no no-shows, no food wasted, no surplus to throw out.

The Skytrain, however appealing the concept may seem, is caught in a net of official ropes, especially on the American side. Laker makes a marked distinction between what he calls the Existent Traveler and the Forgotten Man. Existent Traveler is already in the air on the scheduled and supplemental carriers. But Forgotten Man is a part of what Laker calls "the manual and artisan group," earning $14,000 to $16,000 a year in America and £2,000 to £2,500 in the U.K. Laker estimates there is a market of 10 million "Forgottens" in the U.K. and 40 million in America.

"These people don't want gold-plated seats and they can't pay exorbitant fees to have whiskey poured in their ears," Laker says. It bothers him that officialdom suggests that tourism fosters the brotherhood of man, while at the same time limiting flight to selected social strata. "Rubbish," booms Freddie. "The airlines refuse to go into competition. There are twenty-nine airlines on the Atlantic, but

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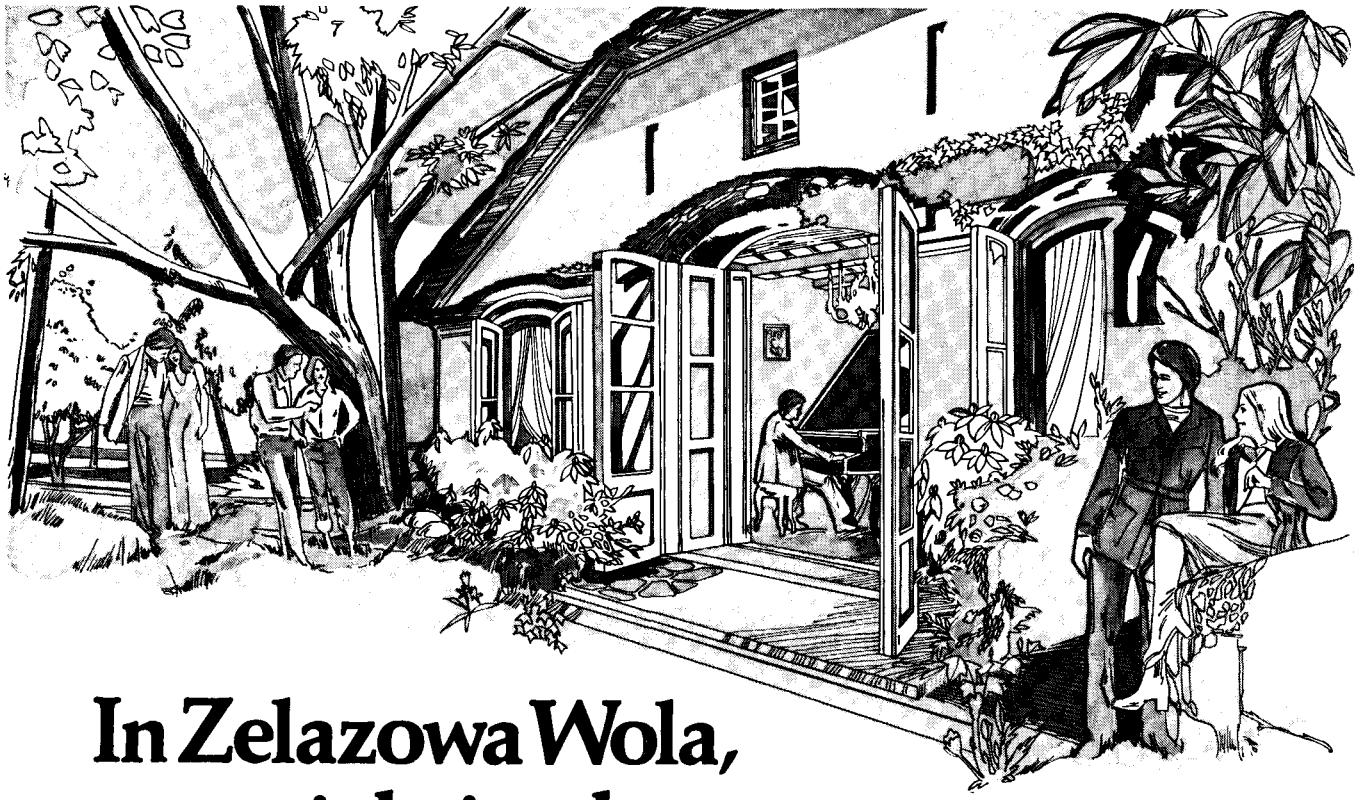

In Zelazowa Wola, you might just happen upon the musical experience of your life.

You take a pleasant hour's drive from Warsaw on a sunny summer day. You're seated in a blossom-filled garden outside the charming little country house where Chopin was born. Through the wide-open casement windows come the sounds of a masterful performance of a Chopin Polonaise. Played by a virtuoso pianist ordinarily heard in the world's great concert halls. It happens every Sunday afternoon, from May to September, in Zelazowa Wola.

Poland is like that. A land of unexpected pleasures. In the historic Old Town of Warsaw, you discover an outdoor modern art show, dazzling against the red brick Gothic walls of a 16th century fortress. You join the fun-loving Poles for an evening of jazz, rock and friendly conversation in Warsaw's ancient wine cellars and coffee shops. Alongside are palaces and churches—Gothic, Baroque, Neo-Classical—completely authentic, yet completely rebuilt stone by stone since the war.

In beautiful medieval Cracow, you can meet the young students of the Jagiellonian University, where once Copernicus studied. Yes, Copernicus shattered the misconceptions of the medieval mind, but Cracow still preserves its treasures! Visit the 12th century St. Mary's Church with its great wood-carved Wit Stwosz altar. See the Wawel Castle tapestries. You'll call them incomparable—and then you *will* compare them with the astonishing contemporary wall hangings for sale in Poland's Cepelia crafts shops.

Everywhere in Poland, you'll find the heritage of ten centuries still alive and growing today. Not stored away in dusty museums, but flourishing in the shops, theaters, nightclubs, restaurants, streets. You'll find Polish hospitality unique—combining the most elegant of Old World manners with the most up-to-date tourist facilities. Like Cracow's new Holiday Inn, or Warsaw's two Intercontinental Hotels. In Poland every sightseeing experience is a living adventure. Come soon, for the vacation of a lifetime!

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what competition is there between them? They all fly the same airplanes, at the same time, and the only thing they compete in is their plastic sandwiches. Millions on millions are spent advertising those sandwiches. It's the airlines themselves who hold back the competition. People can get in their own capitalistic cars and go shop for gas at a low price. A housewife can go to the butcher and shop for meat, but she can't shop around for an agreeable air fare."

LAKER calls Skytrain as bold an experiment as the jet engine. In England, the government, he says, "wanted to introduce doctrinaire socialist principles by establishing no competition for their airline. I took Her Majesty's Government into high court and beat them." With his British license in hand, Laker proceeded to Washington to get American landing rights. Whereas his own government had fought him on the grounds that there was no growth on the Atlantic and that Skytrain would divert passengers from British Airways, America, Laker charges, "solved it by procrastination."

He thinks he has run into Concorde headwinds, too. He fancies that American aviation authorities told the British, "Look, you have these two controversial things, which one do you want, Concorde or Skytrain?"

Now fifty-four, Laker has been around planes since he was sixteen, first as a teaboy and sweeper, then as a fitter, and ultimately as a flying member of the Air Transport Auxiliary. He already had visionary ideas, entrepreneurial perhaps. After the war, there was a move to nationalize British airlines. "The others could do taxi work," he recalls the edict as having said. It was as if a budding *maître pâtissier* had been told someone else was handling the fancy cakes and tarts; he could fry doughnuts.

In 1948, with borrowed capital, he found himself with a fleet of 12 Halton aircraft, which he bought from BOAC, now British Airways. He took title in time for the massive Berlin airlift, adding to his fleet until, at airlift's end, a year and fourteen days later, he found himself with 100 planes and 6,000 engines. The motors were eventually smelted down into ingots and sold to a manufacturer of saucepans. No telling what romantic aeronautic adventures had been lived by the antecedents of the skillet in the employ of some hausfrau frying two eggs in Sussex.

When gas rationing ended in Britain, in 1953, Laker was back in the air, this time ferrying cars across the Channel. He rebuilt some DC-4s, putting the cockpit into a bulge atop the fuselage, rather like today's 747s. Called the Carvair, the plane could carry five cars and 22 passengers. It is still flying today.

Today Laker owns a pair of 707s, five BAC-111s, 55 percent of two DC-10s, 40 percent of a third DC-10, and 30 percent of a fourth, as yet undelivered. Even without Skytrain he is carrying a million passengers a year.

Operations is handled from the walk-up at Gatwick, which Laker had built Spartan style. "We like to use our money elsewhere," he explains. The doors of the executive offices are open, and Freddie Laker, at six foot one inch and bulky, can always be spotted. "Shout if it's important," is his byword. The place is so compact, he explains, "I put my hand over the phone and we can have a board meeting by just yelling back and forth. I ask, 'What do you think?' 'What do *you* think?' There. We've just had a board meeting. No, we don't have *regular* board meetings, but from a practical point of view I have six a day. It's just instant bloody management, that's what it is."

If his working quarters are spare, his abode in Sussex has been called graceful rather than grand. He has said that both of the women he married have taste. His current wife, Patricia, is from Oklahoma, and he calls her his "Okie." They met after the death of her first husband, when she traveled with her daughter to Majorca. Laker is frequently in Majorca with his yacht, the *Tutinella*. He dismisses it as "only a stinkpot," but it is a formidable 85-ton craft, 70 feet long. A visiting writer from the *Daily Telegraph* once called it "a dream . . . a delight of color and comfort."

When not in the air or on the sea, the Lakers come to earth at Furzegrove, their 50-acre farm, some of which dates from 1490, some from 1967. There they raise hornless Herefords, make do in the 22-room manse, which has five bedrooms and four reception rooms. They also turn out what Freddie Laker calls "broken-down racehorses." That is his euphemism for his stud farm near Epsom.

If his private life-style appears jet-setty and Rolls Roycean, it is not, although he is on his twenty-sixth RR. He is brash, forthright, purposeful, and speaks in bright hues. Not so his airplanes. They are restrained, conservative, and circumspect as a vicar. The carny pitch is not for him. "If you look at our airplanes, they're not painted like fruit salad," he says. ◉

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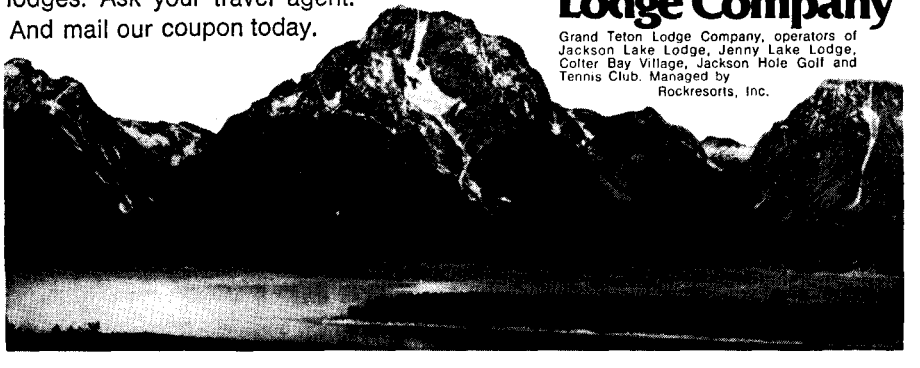

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World Progress Report

Jailhouse Law Book

Presumably, prison inmates share a felonious disregard for the niceties of the law. At the same time, incarceration makes prisoners prime customers for sound legal advice. In some cases, justly or unjustly, adroit legal action can shorten a prisoner's time in the slammer.

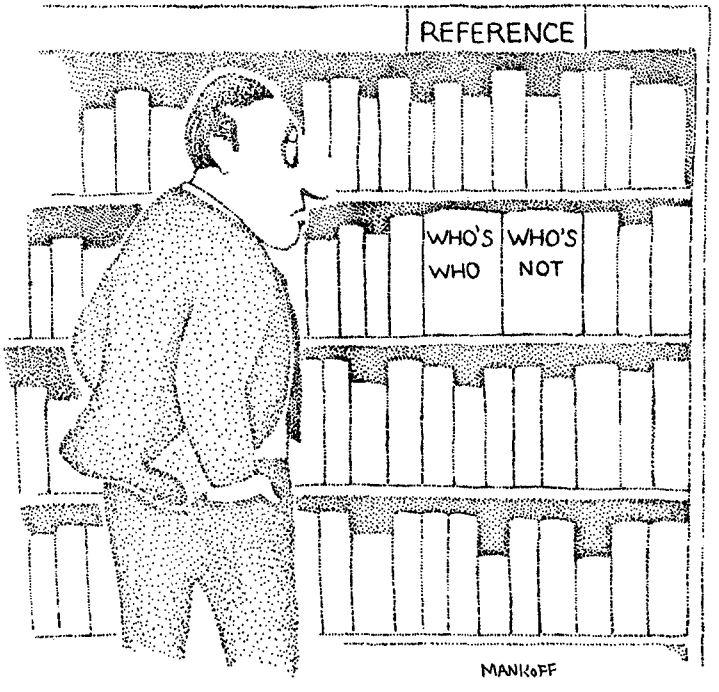
In other cases, convicts need the law to protect what remains of their civil liberties and to protest the abuses that the penal system seems to encourage by those it appoints as jailers. At the very least, the mind-flexing process of legal self-education can make a convict's durance a little less vile. For most prisoners, however, good legal advice is as hard to get as a good meal.

To help prisoners defend their legal rights, the American Civil Liberties Union Foundation recently issued the 202-page *Prisoners' Self-Help Litigation Manual.* Sponsored by the ACLU's National Prison Project, the manual was written by thirty-year-old James L. Potts, who began his legal research as an inmate at the maximum-security federal prison at Marion, Illinois, where he was serving a ten-year sentence for selling drugs. Despite having had only a high-school education, Potts was inspired to study law on his own after an 18-month stretch in solitary confinement for participating in what he calls a "nonviolent work stoppage" to protest poor conditions at the prison.

After his release last June, Potts wrote the manual in 12 weeks and then took just three months to complete a one-year paralegal course at Antioch Law School in Washington, D.C. Just before Christmas, Potts joined the National Prison Project as a full-time staff assistant, reportedly doing the work previously handled by three regular law students.

The *Prisoners' Self-Help Litigation Manual* gives jailhouse lawyers instructions on how to obtain and correct prison records, seek payment for damages, get credit for time spent in jail awaiting trial, and secure due process in parole hearings. The manual also provides sample forms for such basic legal procedures as petitioning for a writ of habeas corpus, and it analyzes 178 court decisions affecting the application of constitutional rights to prisoners. Readers are told how to do their own legal research in the prison library and cautioned that "sloppy petitions merely irritate the judges who must read them."

Publication of the first 5,000 copies of the manual has been supported by a small grant from the Field Foundation of New York. The book retails for $5 per copy, but the National Prison Project—headquartered at Suite 1031, 1346 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036—says it will send one to any prisoner free of charge.



Bill of Divorcement

Supporters of equality between the sexes have long complained about traditional divorce laws, which customarily hold out the hope of alimony payments only to the wife. A recent decision by Justice Bertram Hartness in New York State Supreme Court, however, holds a portion of the New York State alimony law to be unconstitutional. The law "excluding women from ever paying alimony," wrote the judge, rests on "the assumption that wives may depend on their husbands for suitable support, but husbands [may] never sc depend on their wives." Concluded His Honor: "Any previous justification for this one-way support duty faded" with the dawn of women's economic liberation—a dawn at least in law, if not in practice Now that women can own and contro property, according to Judge Hartness "the flat distinction" between husbands and wives "has no rational basis."

Pictures from the Heart

Marrying a computer to a television set scientists at the National Institutes o Health have come up with a vastly im proved technique for taking a look at th human heart. The standard technique cur rently in use, contrast angiography, re quires two days of hospitalization, with th attendant expense, and requires the patien to be immobile while a material opaque t X rays is introduced into the chambers o the heart by way of a plastic tube runnin through an artery. The result is a still X ray picture of the heart at rest.

In the new technique, called radio nuclide cineangiography, a small amoun of slightly radioactive material is simpl injected into any vein. The progress of th material through the heart is "read" by device on the patient's chest. A compute translates the readings into a motion pic ture on a television screen. The entir process takes only half an hour and ca be done during an inexpensive outpatier visit. More important, the patient can e> ercise while the pictures are being take giving the doctors an invaluable look a his or her heart in action, when the orga is functioning under moderate stress an early signs of disease or abnormality ar most likely to show. —ANTHONY WOLF

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Top of My Head

What's the Rush?

by Goodman Ace

THERE is an old, old axiom that goes, "Time and tide tarry for no man." (Regardless of sex.)

Axioms are small, supposedly self-evident truths that were invented by wise old men down through the ages and are meekly accepted because nobody has ever questioned their advertised verities. Early on, I questioned that time-and-tide bit when it was hung in my room in bold needlepoint by my mother. Loved her, hated it.

That axiom was reinforced by my fourth-grade teacher when she printed on her blackboard in boldface chalk a corollary version of the time-and-tide claim: "Procrastination is the thief of time." Hated her. Hated it.

There seemed to be a conspiracy to rush me into becoming a man of action. But actually what it accomplished was that I developed a violent antipathy toward those axioms. As a teen-ager, in protest, I began operating on the principle that you *can* put off till tomorrow what your snap judgment tells you to do today.

Now, as the years dwindle down to a precious few, I have become more impatient with time and tide, and I am happy to report I have a solution that will send time and tide reeling on their heels.

Take a look at your calendar—where are we, middle of March, almost a quarter of the year has fled—and you ask yourself the question "I don't know where the time went." Which is really not a question, but a substantive, declarative statement that begs for an answer.

And the best answer the wise old men have come up with is that time and tide do not tarry for anyone. Do you find that comforting? Is it fulfilling? Isn't it too pat? It's as easy as falling off a log.

(Note: I had a more picturesque simile to use there, but when I wrote "as easy as," the phone rang. I went to answer it, and when I got back I couldn't remember it. If it comes to me later, I'll tell you. Okay?)

In these miraculous days of magical scientific breakthroughs, when you can open your refrigerator and a little light goes on, when we can send a man to the moon, or even more wondrous, when a woman can send her man to the supermarket with a long list of weekend groceries, and he returns with a cartload of every item she ordered, isn't it nonsense to believe time and tide can't be forced to tarry?

To answer these and other similarly bothersome questions about where the time went, let us review the bidding—take it from the top. It began the last week in December. The Christmas shopping rush over, where did you stand as time and tide refused to tarry?

I'll tell you where you stood. You stood knee deep in tissue paper and empty boxes, in green and red ribbons and wrappings. And before you could catch your breath you turned a leaf on your calendar and stood face-to-face with a new year.

OUT of the 1976 Bicentennial, into 1977, where nobody, including Shell Oil, gives a hoot about how it was 201 years ago today. Every year, two holiday parties back to back, from eggnog to gin.

And if you will permit your metaphoric fancy to idle briefly, you get the feeling you're being hijacked. You didn't buy tickets for this flight. You don't order a new year. You can't shop around for it. New years come in one size, give or take a day every four years.

They are not returnable, they are not guaranteed. All you get are promises. Happy, healthy, peace, things like that. Promises like a moralistic, incorruptible administration.

(Note: That's the simile I thought to use earlier—"as easy as accepting a million-dollar bribe from a Korean lobbyist.")

Well, I've tarried long enough in time and this space. Now for my solution. Nobody relishes being pushed into a new year. New years are kind of pushy. Were you ready to leave 1976? Weren't there a lot of things you could have done better, or done differently, or even just plain done? For myself there is a whole syllabus of shouldas and couldas. I coulda said I'm sorry. I shoulda sent a birthday gift. I shoulda not lost my temper, and so on.

My suggestion is a thirteenth month—between December 31 and January 1. A month of quiet reflection to remember things you've forgotten that would tidy up your life. The calendar would read: October, November, December, Remember.

Juggling the calendar is not a new idea. See Washington's Birthday, Columbus Day, etc. All it takes is a law passed by Congress. If they fail, our new President can proclaim the month of Remember. And if he doesn't, we go to the highest source in the land—Guy Lombardo. He can tell his Royal Canadians, just before the stroke of midnight, to take thirty. Days, that is.

I realize that time and tide will continue not to tarry while the spoilsports fight to never let Remember happen. But wasn't it euphoric just thinking about it? ◉

"Besides being a member of the world community, what do you do?"

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Curmudgeon-at-Large

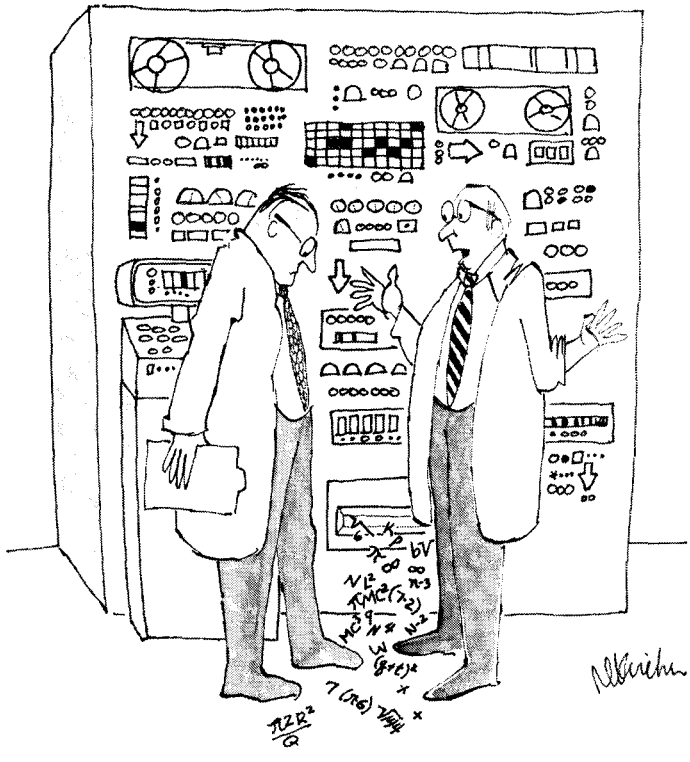
Three Hours a Day Adds Up

by Cleveland Amory

A YOUNG lady whom we know takes a full hour to get ready in the morning—for anything, we might add, even for just showing up at breakfast—and another full hour to get ready at night for bed. She also makes an average of at least one total change of dress a day; at the end of the day, say, for a late date. So what we are talking about here is a total of three hours. Almost all of this time, we have noticed, she spends in the bathroom—out of which she makes a combination of full living room, sitting room, parlor, drawing room, and, for all we know, loggia. In any case, although mathematics is not our long suit, we recently did some figuring. We gave her, to begin with, not the old-fashioned three score and ten, or seventy-year life. We gave her a full, modern, four-score life—eighty years!

And then we started our calculations. Three hours out of every twenty-four is, even by our low mathematical capabilities, one eighth. And one eighth of eighty—surely we can do that—is ten. So when all was said and done, we reached the inescapable conclusion that our young lady friend would spend ten years of her life in the bathroom. However, we realized that since she was now just thirty, and had only spent approximately four years there so far, there was still time to save her.

Boldly, we approached her. "Did you know," we said, "that in the average firehouse, the average fireman must be able, from sleeping in bed, to get up, dress, slide down the firepole, and be on the fire engine in under three minutes?" We waited for this intelligence to sink in, and then we added, in our most withering tone, "You wouldn't have made a very good fireman, would you?" Our young friend was unimpressed. "A very good what?" she asked. "A very good fireman," we repeated. She smiled. "Fireperson," she said.



"It still has a few bugs."

That Damn Government Dept.—as undercovered by Alexander Sunders of Lincolnwood, Illinois, in the Lincolnwood *Life*:

The Federal Government and its agencies now have a staggering 18 flies for every man, woman, and child in the U.S., according to a report from the Office of Management and Budget. These statistics were cited at a symposium on Public Disclosure vs. Right of Privacy held recently at The John Marshall Law School.

It seems like only yesterday we heard a fellow say there weren't no flies on him.

Senior Citizens Note—as bifocaled by T. E. Parks of Dover, New Hampshire, in *Foster's Daily Democrat*:

The Dover Senior Center has announced that after-the-holidays activities have begun to take hold and a number of classes are going full swing.

Monday afternoons a crocheting and knitting class is held with instructors available for help. Tuesday afternoons an arts and crafts class is being conducted. Wednesday afternoons there is a leatherwork class and also a bowling team at a local bowling alley which provides a discount. Thursday afternoons a needlework and bordello class is given.

Well, they say it's the world's senior profession.

Foreign Desk—as intelligenced by Doris Jacobson of Philadelphia in the Philadelphia *Daily News*:

DAR ES SALAAM, Tanzania (UPI)—Agriculture Minister John Malecela says the American consumer boycott of coffee really is a plot by big business interests who hope to reap windfall profits on tea and cocoa.

Malecela said, "The boycott campaign will not serve the interest of the consumer because the same retailers would raise the prices of tea and cocoa if there is an increase in consumption.

"The truth of the matter is that whatever [the] increase in the price of coffee, the producing countries are continuing to get relatively less and less benefits from the production efforts."

The agriculture minister called on the International Coffee Organization to look into the ways of countering the boycott. HOW IN THE HELL YOU EVER CAME UP WITH JOSE IS BEYOND ME. AND MY NAME IS JOSEPPI THE MAGNIFICENT, SOON TO BECOME A HOUSEHOLD WORD.

Frankly, we don't know how in the hell you ever came up, period. ◉

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Light Refractions

Between Facts to Junk

by Thomas H. Middleton

GERALD B. MATHIAS, who teaches Japanese at the University of Hawaii at Manoa, wrote to me a few months ago to ask if I had noticed the phenomenon of *between thirty to forty things*, and the like. I answered that I hadn't seen that bit of misusage, so a few weeks ago he sent me a couple of clippings illustrating his point. One of them is a news story about a 17-foot-tall, foam-rubber Santa Claus that was stolen in Seattle. "The big Santa," says the article, "weighs between 300 to 500 pounds." The *to* in the clipping has been crossed out in red ink and changed to *and*, and Mr. Mathias has noted in blue ink, "My daughter's correction."

The other clipping deserves, or in any case is about to get, some severe excoriation. It's a Wrigley's Spearmint ad from the Sunday comic section of a newspaper. There's a drawing of a knight in armor leaping into the air and clicking his heels together. The panel reads FUN FACTS FROM WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM, and the text says: "Contrary to myth, medieval suits of armor only averaged between 50 to 60 lbs. and they were so well fitted, the wearer could move about easily."

We shouldn't expect comic strips to use correct English, of course. If, for instance, Joe Palooka says, "I only hit him oncet, Knobby," it's all right. Joe is, after all, a palooka, and "I hit him only once" would be all wrong for him.

I'm probably going to give more importance to this silly little FUN FACTS than it deserves, but the longer I look at it, the more peeved I get. It's obviously supposed to appeal to children, and it strikes me as the ultimate in junk food for young minds. It's beside the point that this is in the comic pages. Comic strips exist primarily to entertain. This panel is clearly intended not only to entertain but to inform. A child might be expected, in spite of the title FUN FACTS and the fanciful little drawing, to take the text a little more seriously than that of, say, *Dennis the Menace*.

For openers, anyone who has gone through grammar school should know better than to place *only* before *averaged*. I won't belabor the point except to say that "armor only averaged between 50 and 60 lbs." indicates that that is all armor did. It didn't protect; it didn't rust; it didn't do anything but average between 50 and 60 lbs. Of course, this little gem didn't say "between 50 *and* 60"; it said "between 50 *to* 60," which is absurd.

MY MAIN objection to the text, though, is that it is nonsense. "Contrary to myth." What myth? I asked Jeannie what she figured a medieval suit of armor might have weighed. She said, "About fifty pounds?" That's about what I would have guessed. Then I phoned three friends and put the same question to them. Two said forty pounds and one said sixty. So if there is a myth, the myth appears to be precisely that the armor averaged somewhere near fifty pounds. But that, in itself, is probably false.

I decided that as long as I was in the game, I might as well check out the "fact," fun or not. I didn't go very deeply into the subject, but I did go deeply enough to satisfy myself that the "fun fact" had little basis in fact. No basis, in fact.

Medieval suits of armor varied enormously in style and weight, depending on the period as well as on the taste and wealth of the wearer, and they ranged from coats of mail to full plate. To check this, I turned to one of my favorite passages in T. H. White's *The Once and Future King*—the scene where King Pellinore and Sir Grummore have at each other (T. H. White was an authority on the medieval period, I believe):

> To be able to picture the terrible scene which now took place, there is one thing which ought to be known. A knight in his full armour of those days, or at any rate during the heaviest days of armour, was generally carrying as much as or more than his own weight in metal. [When fully armoured] he often weighed no less than twenty-two stone [300-odd pounds], and sometimes as much as twenty-five [350 pounds]. This meant that his horse had to be a slow and enormous weight-carrier, like the farm horse of today, and that [the knight's] own movements were so hampered by his burden of iron and padding that they were toned down into slow motion, as on the cinema.

Contrast that with the "fun fact."

Perhaps I'm making too much fuss over a chewing gum ad in the funny papers, but someone was paid to write that garbage, and children are supposed to read it, and presumably they take it seriously, as children are wont to do.

Is it any wonder so many of them grow up to write the verbal equivalents of large globes of bubble gum? ◉

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Open Classroom *from page 6*

in the entire large sample went sharply counter to the trends by producing uniformly superior results. Her case deserves special attention:

A woman in her middle thirties, with ten years' experience, she saw to it that the amount of time spent on English and mathematics within her informal classroom was at least equal to that devoted to these "basics" in formal classrooms. Informality to her did not mean that the teacher had a lesser obligation to determine standards and priorities. Free to select and produce her own materials, she constantly but subtly combined creative topics with the study of grammar. Asked what motivated the children to succeed, she bluntly said that she herself was the main incentive: "They know I'll be pleased if they do well."

When told of the children's high scores on a standardized test, the teacher expressed no surprise. "I would be disappointed," she said, "if a class went out without feeling that all the children achieved something. . . . At the beginning of the year they groaned when they were to do math, but by the end of the year they liked it."

In her classroom, progressive ideology was never allowed to get in the way of the work ethic. "Whilst there [is] a lot of emphasis on the social aspects in school, the children are encouraged to be work-minded right from the infants." And her view was confirmed by the report's general conclusion that "a clear link appears to emerge between work activity . . . and progress." In fact, lack of work activity in some of the informal classrooms was found to retard the progress of both slow and bright children. Merely talking about the work or socializing as a substitute for work simply does not provide enough incentive for the independent effort and "discovery" learning hoped for by advocates of informal education. As Jerome Bruner, one of America's leading experts on the psychology of learning, cautioned in 1961: "Discovery, like surprise, favors a well-prepared mind."

The Lancaster report confirms what many non-ideological, middle-of-the-road education experts have long believed—that it is far more difficult to teach effectively under informal conditions than it is in a structured classroom. Informal teaching requires a suitable personality and extraordinary skill—a teacher who is "dedicated, highly organized, able to work flexibly, able to plan ahead, and willing to spend a great deal of extra time in preparatory work."

Such requirements add up to a formidable hurdle in any effort to apply progressive ideals to mass education. In an enterprise that calls for armies of teachers, it may never be possible to provide enough recruits with the dedication, sophistication, subtlety, and skill needed to turn ideal into reality. Without the teacher's capacity (despite the *appearance* of child-dominated informality) to remain in control of the priorities and activities not only of the class but of each child, the open classroom becomes an educational quagmire. Children in need of firm support will flounder; they may momentarily have fun, but eventually their frustration over inadequate skills will get in the way of their learning. This is precisely why the study found that informality aggravates neurotic behavior and why, in the words of one expert, "it is predictable that children with a low toleration for ambiguity and uncertainty would find an open classroom that operates successfully for [other] children extremely threatening and anxiety-provoking."

These caveats are hardly new, though they have recently been forgotten. The fact is that in the 1920s, when Dewey's progressive classroom stressed "group-mindedness," or socialization, often at the expense of academic emphasis, parents from the ethnic ghettos raised their voices in protest. Their children, they said, in contrast to the sheltered offspring of the rich, had plenty of group activity in the streets; what they needed was the capacity to deal with letters and numbers.

In spite of the Lancaster study's essentially moderate conclusions, one of the troubling prospects is this: Because its findings are certain to be widely quoted they will be even more widely abused. They may, unfortunately, come to serve as a rallying cry for leading education back to the stultifying and authoritarian teaching styles that are currently—and mistakenly—considered by so many to be the royal road to learning the three R's.

This is emphatically *not* what the report recommends. "It is surely time," its authors caution, "to ignore the rhetoric which would have us believe that informal methods are pernicious and permissive

"Maybe I'd better deliver just the first ten now and see how it goes down."

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and that the most accurate description of formal methods is that found in Dickens's *Hard Times*."

But beyond that reasonable call for moderation, the report raises some hard questions: What aspects of formal teaching are responsible for success in the basic skills, and how can they be incorporated in a more informal and congenial setting? How can teaching be reformed to provide enough structure for the anxious and enough stimulation for the bright? How can conservatives be made to understand that making school enjoyable does not subvert learning—and progressives to admit that enthusiasm over their ideas is not enough to make them work?

One point emerges from the study with the utmost clarity: to identify progressive education as the root of all academic failure is sheer nonsense, if for no other reason than the fact that only a small minority of teachers have ever adopted an exclusively informal approach. In the area covered by the study, for example, no more than 17 percent of the teachers could be classified as progressives; 25 percent taught formally; while the majority used mixed styles, incorporating formal and informal practices. A careful poll in the United States would very likely yield similar results.

During my efforts as a young reporter in the early 1950s to find some answers to the controversy between progressives and traditionalists (which then raged in the political arena as well as in the pedagogical), I followed the progress of two first-grade classrooms in the same Queens, New York, public school. Both teachers, though at opposite ends of the progressive-traditional spectrum, were superb practitioners. Each was clearly loved and respected by the children. At year's end, it was impossible to distinguish between the two groups' achievements. The outcome reflected neither praise nor condemnation for either of the two ideologies; it was simply a celebration of good, professional teaching.

So, in the end, is the Lancaster report. But since the unmistakable implication of its findings is the infinitely greater difficulty of achieving *good* informal education within the grave limitations of mass education, progressive educationists must now recognize "that the burden is increasingly upon them to accommodate their enthusiasm to [the report's] data." What the bombshell shattered is not an ideal, but the false promise of a panacea. ◉

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Answer to *Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 79* (see page 34): People do not deserve to have good writing, they are so pleased with bad. —Emerson

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Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 39): citrus, rictus, Curtis, rustic.

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Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton

							1 H	2 T	3 Q	4 B	5 K		6 U	7 G	8 A	9 E
	10 Y	11 E	12 N		13 Y	14 C		15 D	16 W	17 A	18 F	19 L		20 D	21 X	22 K
	23 J	24 E	25 T	26 M	27 X		28 P	29 S	30 D	31 R	32 G	33 T		34 K	35 N	36 A
	37 M	38 Y		39 C	40 W	41 K		42 E	43 P	44 L	45 F	46 W		47 Z¹	48 A	
49 L	50 D	51 S	52 G	53 U	54 W	55 I	56 F	57 P	58 N	59 R		60 L	61 Z¹	62 C		63 T
64 Z	65 F	66 X	67 G	68 R	69 W		70 O	71 H	72 P	73 R		74 V	75 L	76 J		77 U
78 C	79 M	80 Y		81 K	82 Z		83 J	84 Y	85 N	86 R	87 Q	88 K		89 L	90 V	
91 O	92 H	93 X		94 I	95 P	96 Z		97 J	98 N	99 O	100 S		101 Z¹	102 S	103 L	
104 F	105 Y	106 T	107 D	108 B		109 A	110 R	111 Z¹		112 S	113 Z	114 I		115 J	116 B	117 N
118 C	119 Q	120 F	121 K	122 U		123 V	124 Q	125 M		126 E	127 G	128 O	129 C	130 T		131 U
132 X	133 J		134 V	135 E	136 M	137 N	138 D		139 A	140 U		141 B	142 C	143 Y		144 G
145 Q	146 R	147 H		148 T		149 Z¹	150 D	151 A		152 H	153 Y	154 O	155 G	156 B		157 E
158 Z¹	159 D		160 O	161 B		162 M	163 F	164 V		165 F	166 D	167 Z¹	168 N		169 Y	
170 V	171 I	172 P		173 Y	174 O	175 U	176 B	177 H								

Number 119

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Town in Uganda, scene of dramatic rescue	8 17 36 48 109 139 151
B. Siberian port on the Lena River	161 4 108 116 141 176 156
C. Toasts	39 62 78 118 129 142 14
D. One who tried to transform base metal into gold	20 30 107 150 166 15 50 138 159
E. Pertaining to acting or actors	11 24 42 126 135 157 9
F. *South African grassland* with abundant shrubby vegetation	165 56 104 163 120 18 45 65
G. City in the central Netherlands	127 144 32 67 155 7 52
H. *Tumult, disturbance,* uproar; piece of sports equipment	71 92 152 147 177 1
I. Philistine city taken by David (I Chron. 18:1)	55 94 114 171
J. *Way, technique*	23 76 83 97 115 133
K. Wild mulberry	5 34 81 41 88 121 22
L. Ramjet	44 60 75 89 103 19 49
M. Mutiny, sicken	79 26 136 37 125 162
N. Pigs' feet; Standardbred horses	168 85 98 117 12 137 35 58
O. Stick, stump, bamboozle	160 174 70 91 99 128 154
P. One of the Sparti; husband of Agave and *father of Pentheus*	172 28 43 57 72 95
Q. Having a discolored, bluish appearance; enraged	124 145 87 119 3
R. King of Rhodes, husband of the nymph Hegetoria	31 146 59 86 73 110 68
S. Greek island, largest of the Cyclades	102 112 100 29 51
T. Youth, esp. serving boy, in Ireland	63 106 130 33 148 2 25
U. Apace, quickly	122 6 53 131 77 175 140
V. Natural aptitude	74 123 134 164 90 170
W. American critic and poet (1910–70; *Call Me Ishmael*)	16 46 69 40 54
X. Swell, nifty, peachy; fop	66 132 21 93 27
Y. David's adviser who joined the rebellion of Absalom (II Sam. 15:12)	10 38 13 80 84 169 173 105 143 153
Z. French illustrator, engraver, painter, and sculptor (1832–83)	96 64 113 82
Z¹. Perversely, wrongly; from side to side	101 111 61 47 167 158 149

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 118* appears on page 42.

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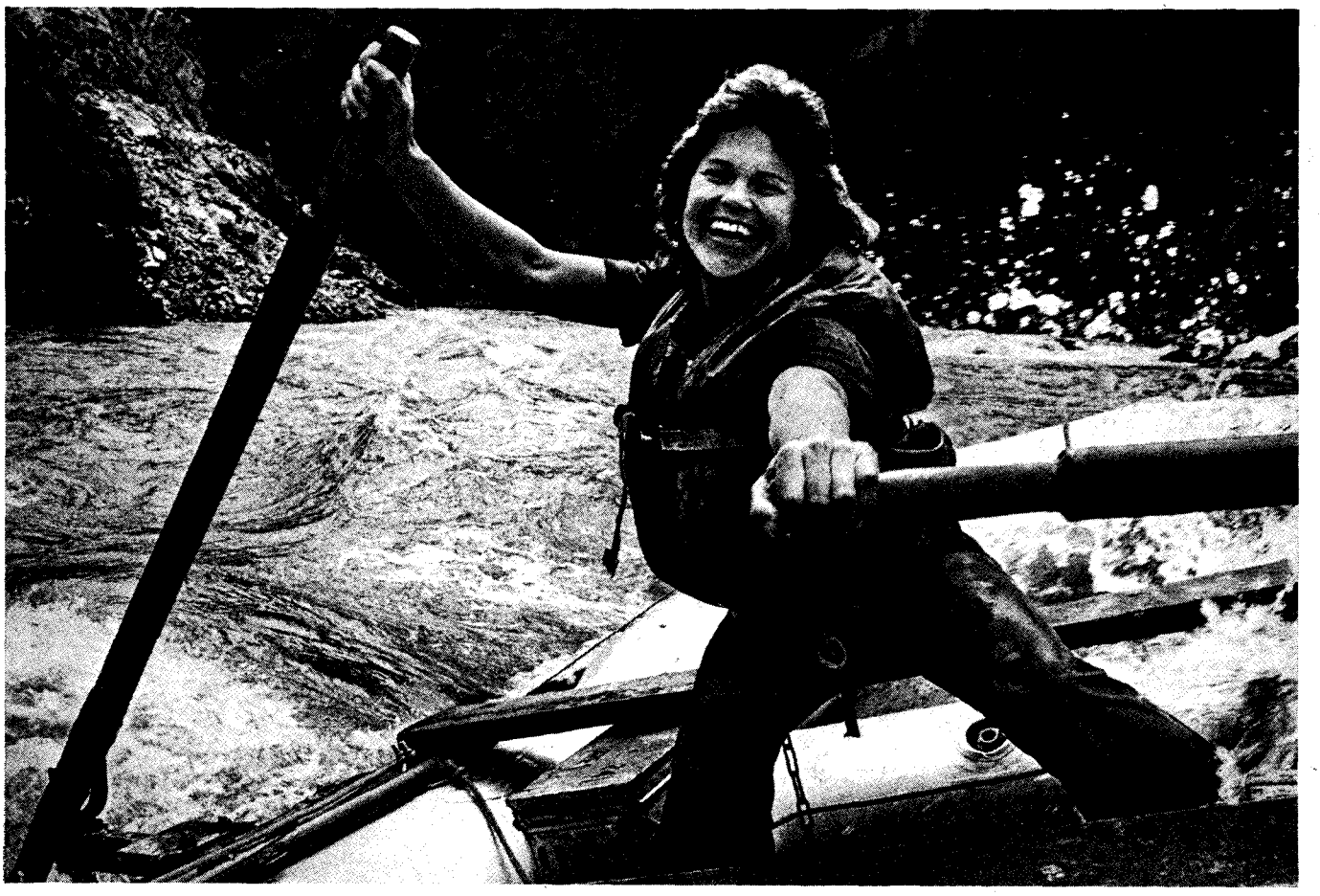

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SHARON MILLER

HOME: Salmon, Idaho

AGE: 36

PROFESSION: White-water guide

HOBBIES: Skiing, kayaking, horseback riding, yoga.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Thomas Wolfe's Letters to His Mother"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Became a certified ski instructor.

QUOTE: "The challenge of white water presents ever-changing situations that demand instant, precise decisions. The implications reach far into everyday life. It's a very literal case of 'he who hesitates is lost'."

PROFILE: Vibrant in her love for life and its intrigue. She exudes this enthusiasm in her work, giving others a special awareness and a true appreciation of nature.

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